

Catholic Digest

JUNE 1953

35¢

ARE CATHOLICS WINNING THE
UNITED STATES? (Facts on page 1)

Catholic Digest

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

COVER: José Bonomi, well-known Argentine illustrator, painted this scene in the cold highlands of northern Argentina, 11,000 feet above the sea. See page 125.

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"And now, brethren, all that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts" (St. Paul in his letter to the Philippians, Chapter 4). This is the argument of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. It's contents, therefore, may come from any source, magazine, book, newspaper, syndicate, or whatever language, of any writer. Unfortunately, this does not mean approval of the "entire source," but only of what is herein published.

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Are Catholics Winning the U.S.?

*Thirteenth in a series on the CATHOLIC DIGEST survey
of religion in the U.S.*

By JOHN A. O'BRIEN

Other articles in this series have been staff written. This one we assigned to Father O'Brien, noted author, lecturer, professor (at Notre Dame), street preacher.

"**J**OE," I asked, "how many have you started towards conversion?"

"None," he replied, "I thought lay people had no business in that field; that it was up to the clergy and only them."

"Does this mean then, Joe," I continued, "that you, an insurance salesman, never once tried to interest a non-Catholic friend in your religion, never tried to recruit a prospect for an inquiry class, never invited a friend to Mass, or any of the other devotions?"

"Yes," he confessed, "I've never so much as lifted a finger to win a convert to the Catholic faith. I didn't think laymen were supposed to butt into the business of the priests."

This conversation occurred at a meeting in the school auditorium of St. Joseph's Parish, Mishawaka, Indiana. At my suggestion the pastor, Father Curt A. Suelzer, had invited about 35 "live-wire" men and women to help us in recruiting attendance at an inquiry forum

which we were establishing there for the first time.

Before giving them some training in the technique of approaching churchless people and interesting them in the investigation of the claims of the Catholic Church, we thought it would be interesting to see how many had ever tried it on their own. Joe Campbell's reaction was typical of the reactions of most of the others present.

Is it typical of the attitude of the great majority of Catholic men and women? A religious survey recently conducted by THE CATHOLIC DIGEST provides the answer. To a cross section of people representing 75.9 million adults in the U. S. who go to some church, two questions were asked: 1. "Have you ever tried to get anyone to join your religious group?" 2. "Did you ever succeed in getting anyone to join?"

The replies of the Catholics, representing 20.6 millions, showed that 72% had never even tried to get anyone to join the Church. Of the 28% who tried, 17% succeeded, 9% did not succeed, and 2% did not know whether they had been successful or not. In contrast to that feeble effort, the replies of all the Protestants, representing 53.3

Percentage of Church Members Who Promote Their Faith

	Millions of People This Represents	Tried to Get Someone to Join %	Succeeded %	Did Not Succeed %	Don't Know if Succeeded %	Never Tried to Get Anyone to Join %
Catholics	20.6	28	17	9	2	72
Protestant total.....	53.3	59	43	10	6	41
Baptists	13.9	67	50	10	7	33
Methodists	12.7	56	39	8	9	44
Lutherans	6.1	49	28	19	2	51
Presbyterians	5.7	59	52	5	2	41
Episcopalians	2.3	53	45	6	2	47
Congregationalists	1.0	32	19	10	3	68
Other Protestant Denominations	11.6	61	44	11	6	39
Jewish	1.8	27	24	3	0	73

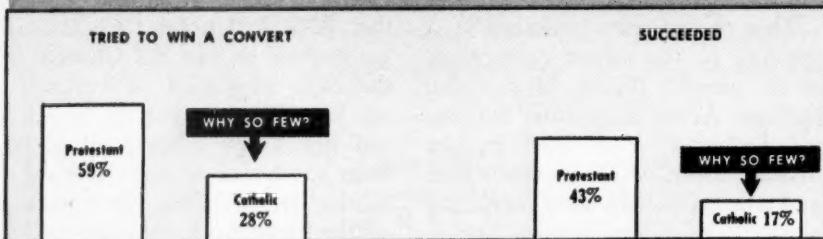
millions, showed that 59% had definitely tried. Of these, 43% succeeded, 10% did not succeed and 6% did not know whether their efforts had proved successful or not.

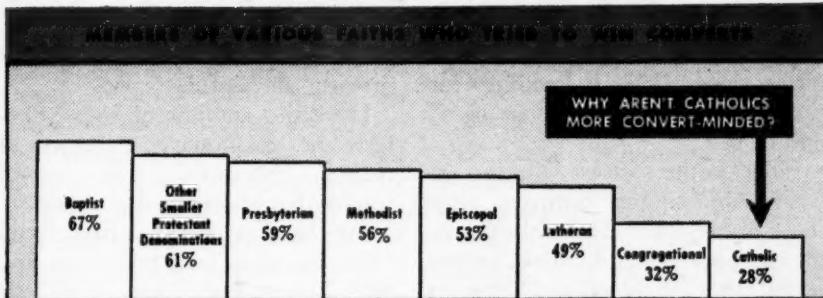
This brings into clear relief several points worth noting: 1. The overwhelming majority (72%) of Catholic lay men and women have never so much as lifted a finger to win a convert for Christ. 2. Protestants are more than twice as zealous as Catholics in seeking to win converts, 59% against 28%. 3. Catholics need to learn effective techniques of winning converts, as only 17% of the 28% who tried,

were successful, as compared with the 43% successful ones among the 59% Protestants who tried. 4. The chief difference between the two groups in convert-making effectiveness, however, is that the percentage of Protestants who try to win converts is more than twice as large as the percentage of Catholics. This is brought out vividly in the chart at the bottom of the page.

A glance at the table above shows that among the Protestant denominations the Baptists are most active in seeking new members, 67% trying and 50% succeeding. A group comprising the smaller denomina-

PROTESTANTS ARE MORE THAN TWICE AS ACTIVE IN WINNING CONVERTS AS CATHOLICS





tions, including the Pentecostals, ranked second, with 61% making the effort and 44% succeeding. The Presbyterians, with 59% trying and 52% succeeding, ranked third. The ratings are shown in the chart above.

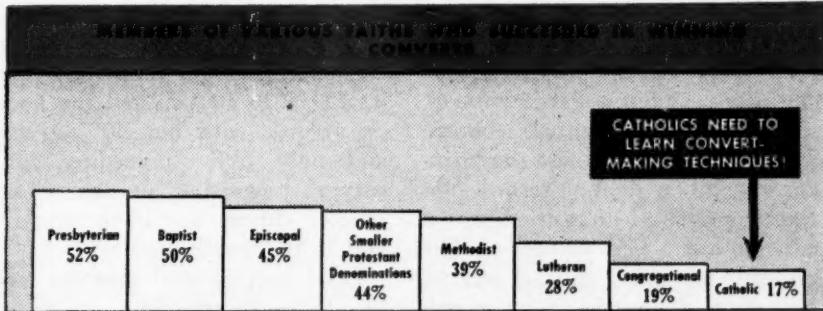
On the whole, the denominations with the highest percentages of members trying to win adherents experienced the largest relative gains, as shown below. This makes a good illustration of the principle stressed by all schools of salesmanship: other things being equal, the salesman who knocks at the most doors makes the most sales. Catholics rank lowest because they knock at the fewest doors.

WHY AREN'T CATHOLICS MORE CONVERT-MINDED?

Investigating the convert-making activities of men and women of all faiths, the DIGEST survey found, as was to be expected, that the women are more zealous: 52% of the women endeavored to win church members and 37% succeeded, as compared with 47% and 34% for the men.

The survey sought to ascertain the relative activity of the various age groups in winning members for their respective faiths. The findings show that, on the whole, as the ages of church members increase, their efforts and their success in winning adherents likewise increase. Thus the two lowest age groups, 18 to 24 and 25 to 34, both

CATHOLICS NEED TO LEARN CONVERT-MAKING TECHNIQUES!



reported 47% trying and 31% succeeding, as compared with 59% trying and 41% succeeding for the oldest age group, those of 65 and over.

How do the convert winning activities of whites compare with those of Negroes? The whites come off a poor second. The survey found that 66% of the Negroes tried to win converts, and 55% succeeded, as compared with 49% and 34% for the whites.

What educational level showed the greatest zeal? The group which had from one to three years of college education reported the highest percentage of its members seeking to win church members, 65% trying and 39% succeeding as compared with 48% and 34% for the one-to-three-years-of-high-school group.

In general, the efficiency in winning adherents increased as the cultural level advanced, the college-graduate group reporting the highest of all: 41%.

Does occupation affect the interest of people in winning church members? The survey investigated the activities of members in the professional class, proprietors or managers, white-collar workers, service workers, manual laborers, and farmers. Of all these the farmers have by far the best record. Not less than 63% of them tried to win adherents and 43% succeeded. The professional group ranked second, with 53% trying and 38% succeed-

ing. The manual laborers came last, with but 46% trying and only 31% proving successful.

Does the amount of income affect the missionary activities of church members? The survey found that those in the upper income bracket ranked first, with 55% trying to win adherents and 41% succeeding. There was little difference between the middle-income group and the lower-income bracket, 48% and 34% for the former as compared with 49% and 35% for the latter.

Does the size of the community tend to affect the missionary activities of church people? The survey investigated the activities of residents of six different types of communities: cities over a million, 100,000 to 1 million, 25,000 to 100,000, 10,000 to 25,000, under 10,000, and rural districts. People living in the country showed by far the greatest missionary zeal. Not less than 58% tried to win new members for their church and 39% succeeded.

Those living in communities of under 10,000 ranked second, with 53% trying and 39% succeeding. Curiously enough, residents of cities 25,000 to 100,000 had the poorest record, with but 40% trying and only 26% succeeding. The survey shows that, on the whole, religion thrives best in the country and in the smaller towns.

Does geographical location tend to affect the religious mores of

people? The survey investigated the activities of people in nine different sections. Residents of the South Atlantic section,* the so-called Bible belt, have by far the best record. Not less than 64% endeavored to win members for their church, and 44% succeeded.

Those in the West South Central section † ranked second, with 60% trying and 45% succeeding. The poorest showing was made by the residents of New England, with but 23% making any effort to recruit church members and but 20% succeeding.

Thus it is seen that the survey investigated the recruiting activities of Church members from nine different angles: denominational membership, sex, age, race, education, occupation, income level, size of community and geographical region. While the finding in each of these fields is of interest, the one of paramount importance is the discovery that, of all the religious groups in the U. S., Catholics show the least interest and make the feeblest effort in recruiting new members for their faith.

The attitude of Joseph Campbell, that winning converts is the business of the clergy and that the laity should keep their noses out of it, is typical of the overwhelming majority of Catholic laymen. The result is that the Church is

gaining but 120,000 converts a year when it should be winning ten times that many.

The greatest loss which the Church in America is suffering is that which results from the failure to harness the loyalty, devotion, and potential missionary zeal of its lay members. Here is a great spiritual Niagara whose boundless energy could be harnessed to the urgent job of bringing the light of Christ's teachings to the millions of churchless homes.

It is as obvious as the nose on one's face that a small band of 45,000 priests cannot personally reach 80 million churchless people. It is bad enough that even the clergy have never made any systematic effort. It becomes, however, nothing short of sheer tragedy, somber and unrelieved, when the priests make no organized effort to enlist the millions of our laity. It is only through them that the spiritual void in the lives of 80 million countrymen can be filled.

Why do so few of our laity, as loyal and devoted as any in the world, bother their heads about convert work? Because they are largely unaware of such a duty. Engrossed in the pressing work of building churches, schools, convents and rectories to keep up with expanding flocks, the clergy have failed to make this duty clear.

The words of Christ, "Go, teach ye all nations," were addressed not only to the Apostles but to all His

*Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, W. Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida.

†Arkansas, Louisiana, Oklahoma, Texas.

disciples and followers. The early Christians took this obligation seriously, and won the pagan Greek and Roman empires for Christ.

Pope Pius XI summoned the laity to co-partnership with the clergy. "We grieve," he said, "that the clergy is quite insufficient to cope with the needs of our times. Hence it is necessary that *all* men be apostles; it is necessary that the Catholic laity do not stand idle, but be united, and take their share in the holy warfare of winning the world for Christ."

At a congress in Rome, Pope Pius XII declared, in substance, "The time has come when the laity must take their place by the side of their consecrated leaders in the urgent task of bringing the teachings of Christ to those who know Him not. This is the most urgent task facing our laity and the form of Catholic Action closest to the heart of Christ."

In another pronouncement, His Holiness again declared, "Let priests preach from pulpits, in the streets and squares. Alongside the priests let the people, who have learned to penetrate minds and hearts with their words and love, also speak."

*Here are some books which describe techniques any layman can use:
Winning Converts, edited by J. A. O'Brien (P. J. Kenedy, 1948. 248 pp. \$3.00).
Sharing the Faith, edited by J. A. O'Brien (OSV Press, 1951. 246 pp. \$1.50).
The White Harvest, edited by J. A. O'Brien (Newman, 1952. 357 pp. Cloth, \$3.50; paper, \$2). These four books are stories by converts. They show what attracted them to the Church:
The Road to Damascus, edited by J. A. O'Brien (Doubleday, 1949. 248 pp. \$2.50).
Where I Found Christ, edited by J. A. O'Brien (Doubleday, 1950. 270 pp. \$2.50).
Paths to Christ (OSV Press. 254 pp. Paper, \$1.50; 5 or more, \$1.25).
The Way to Emmaus, edited by J. A. O'Brien (McGraw-Hill. 363 pp. \$4).

For actual instruction these books are essential:
Father Smith Instructs Jackson, Noll and Fallon (OSV Press, 1913. Cloth, \$1; paper, 50¢).
What's the Truth About Catholics? (OSV Press, 1950. 280 pp. Cloth, \$2.50; paper, \$1.25).
The Faith of Millions, J. A. O'Brien (OSV Press, 1938. 498 pp. Cloth, \$2.50; paper, \$1.50).

Stressing the duty of the laity to take an active part in the convert apostolate, Archbishop Cushing declares, "The layman can and should and *must* share in the great work of gathering in the white harvest of souls, and often enough in the very planting of the first seeds.

"Indeed, lay people are ideally situated to recruit prospects for instruction. The convert movement will make notable progress only when every Catholic throws himself with zeal and determination into the task of winning each year at least one soul for Christ."

To make this duty clear to our laity from their childhood it would seem advisable to insert in the next edition of the catechism the following question and answer, "Is it a duty on the part of every person to win souls for Christ?" "Yes, every Catholic is under a divine obligation to win souls for Christ by recruiting persons for instruction and, when necessary, by assisting in their instruction.*"

The chart, embodying the findings of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST survey, showing the small percentage of Catholics who make any effort to win converts, should be placed

in the classroom of every grade school, high school, college, and seminary. It should be hung in the vestibule of every church and placed in every home. It should be published in every Catholic paper and periodical, its meaning proclaimed from every pulpit.

Then our laity would realize that the greatest weakness of the Church in America is their failure to participate actively in bringing the saving truths of Christ to the millions who know Him not. With laymen recruiting members for the inquiry class held every three months in every parish we shall win a million converts a year.

Translate into action your present good intention by kneeling before a crucifix and reciting the following pledge:

"Dear Jesus, my crucified Lord and Saviour, I shall try earnestly and zealously to win for You the precious souls for whom You died, by living a life of virtue and holiness, by setting an example of charity toward all men, and by bringing non-Catholics to Mass, by loaning them Catholic literature, by explaining to them points of doctrine, and by bringing them to a priest for further instruction. So help me, God!"

A 96-page book, *The Open Door*, containing this article and all of the "Open Door" accounts of conversions published in THE CATHOLIC DIGEST in the last three years, is available. Prices: one copy, \$1; five or more, 80¢ each; 25 or more, 50¢ each. Postage prepaid. Address THE CATHOLIC DIGEST, 41 8th St., St. Paul 2, Minn.

Flights of Fancy

Lakes enameled with sunset.

Sinclair Lewis

Her eyes reached the flood point, then overflowed. *Barbara Hurlbrink*

The great sea tumbled in like an awkward baby. *Patricia Brennan*

Windows cobwebbed with fractures. *Erle Stanley Gardner*

Clock: a little instrument that passes the time by keeping its hands busy.

Irish Digest

Human bulldozers plowing their way to the nylon counter.

Maureen E. Tipping

A smile turned on carefully at half pressure. *R. C. Sheriff*

Her face was her chaperon.

Rupert Hughes

City sparrows in brown business suits. *Margaret Halsey*

Flattery: soft soap and 90% lye.

Dodds 1953 Almanac

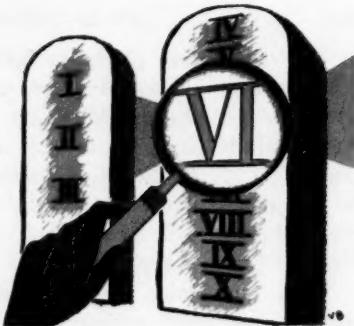
[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

Sex and Sanity

*The essential thing is to start thinking
correctly*

By F. J. SHEED

Condensed from "Society and Sanity"



THE typical modern man practically never thinks about sex. He dreams it; he craves it; he pictures it; he drools over it. But that is not thinking. Thinking means bringing the mind to bear: thinking about sex means striving to see sex in its innermost reality and in the function it is meant to serve.

Our typical modern man, when he gives his mind to it at all, thinks of sex as something we are lucky enough to have. He sees all its problems rolled into one: how to get the most pleasure out of it. To that he gives himself with immoderate enthusiasm and very moderate success.

Sex is a power of the whole man, one power among many. Man is not an isolated unit, but bound to his fellows in society; and his life on earth is not the whole of life, but only the beginning. To use the power of sex successfully we must use it in balance with the rest of our powers, for the service of the whole personality, within a

social order, with eternity to come. And all this is too complex a matter to be left to instinct or chance, to desire or mood or the heat of the blood or the line of least resistance. It calls for hard thinking.

Upon sex we must use reason. Instinct is excellent for the lower animals. But we are not lower animals, we are rational. The price we pay for our rationality is that reason is our only safe guide; to ignore it is always disastrous.

There is something pathetic about the philosophers who decry reason and raise the standard of instinct, as pathetic as boys who play at being red Indians. The little boys would not survive ten minutes in a red Indian world; and the philosophers would perish rather more quickly than the rest of us in a world of instinct. This philosophy has a great attraction for pallid men. But the instincts that guide the nonrational creature to the fulfillment of his life do not guide man. The animal chooses by in-

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stinct the food that will nourish, and constructs the habitation that will shelter or provide for preservation of his own life and the continuance of its species. All of these things we have to learn.

What we call our instincts are natural desires strongly felt, like the instinct of hunger to eat, or of cold to be warmed, or of anger to kill, or of sex to possess. In themselves instincts are a mixture of the necessary and dangerous: reason must sort them out, evaluate and control them, diminish some, and strengthen others.

The growth of a world in which men can live as men has been the growth of reason's domination over all the instincts, even the instinct of sex. There is no special privilege exempting sex alone from control of reason. That it is more exciting than the others does not make it less in need of control but more. Any one instinct, uncontrolled, can make human life unlivable, sex perhaps more so than the others.

Over no instinct will reason secure perfect control in the majority of us, certainly not over sex. But there is a world of difference between the man who aims at control though he only partially achieves it and the man who does not even try. Even partial control, which is all that most will achieve, is immensely worth striving for.

Thinking about sex will follow the same lines as thinking about any other thing. What does the

law of God tell us? What does the nature of the thing itself tell us? Where the law of God is explicit and clearly known, we have enough for right action without further inquiry. But we should study the nature of the thing even then, as a way of understanding God's law better.

If we ask what nature had in mind in giving sex to human beings, there can be only one answer. Sex is meant for production of children, as lungs for breathing or the digestive organs for nourishment.

The physical and the psychological mechanism is complex in the man and in the woman, delicately ordered for the generating of new life.

Thus it would be monstrous to deny (nor, one imagines, has anyone ever denied) that that is why we have sexual powers.

The fact that man can use sex for other, sterile purposes does not alter the certainty that childbearing is sex's own purpose. I know that to the modern reader there seems something quaint and old-world in asking what a thing is for. The modern question is always, "What can I do with it?" Yet it remains a first principle of the intelligent use of anything to ask what the thing is for.

But to say that nature had children in mind when she gave human beings sex does not mean that when two people decide to marry

their motive is to have children. If a man draws a girl's attention to the falling birth rate and asks her to marry him in order to improve it, she would be well advised to refuse him. His wooing is a good deal too sociological.

People marry, usually, because they want each other. They may want children too, or they may merely see their advent as probable but regrettable. Either way, their purpose in marrying is not to have children but to have each other, and nature does not mind a bit. She is all for people having their own purposes, provided they do not frustrate hers.

Because custom dulls wonder, dulls advertence even, we hardly realize how extraordinary it is that sex should be for childbearing. It is extraordinary in two ways. In the first place, it gives to sex a grandeur that is incomparable. Creation is the work of omnipotence. But procreation is pro-creation, a kind of deputy creation. Sex in its essential nature is man's greatest glory in the physical order.

Sex as men have it, of course, is not always, or perhaps even commonly, glorious. Which brings us to the second way in which it is extraordinary that sex should be for childbearing. It is extraordinary because the bearing and rearing of children require a maximum of order, stability, tranquillity: and sex is the most turbulent of man's powers.

The beauty and ferocity of sex can be like a tiger, and even in the mildest it is no domestic pet. Man does not play with sex. It is nearer the truth to say that sex plays with him, and it can be a destructive game. For sex begins powerful and can become uncontrollable. Short of that extreme, it can become a vast tyranny, harraying the individual man, poisoning every sort of man's human relationship.

The continuation of the race, which requires above all things an ordered framework of life, is entrusted to sex, which of itself makes for chaos. It is in marriage that these two irreconcilables are reconciled.

All the critics of marriage have simply not realized how incredibly difficult, and how totally necessary, is the reconciliation it effects. In marriage, sex loses none of its strength, but it serves life.

But if marriage is to serve life fully, bring the child not only to birth but to maturity, it must be permanent. The newborn child has to be shaped into a fully developed member of the human race. For this he needs both parents. Humanity is not man or woman, but both in union. A child brought up by a father only or a mother only is only half-educated. He needs what the male can give him and what the female can give him. And he needs these not as two separate influences, each pushing him its own

way, so that he moves on some compromise line that is neither, but as one fused influence, wholly human, male and female affecting him as conjoined, not as competing influences.

For that the parents must be united, indissolubly. It is not enough that they should agree to live together only while the children need them. Then they would already be separated in spirit, and their two influences would bear upon the child as two, not as one. If nature is to make sex serve life, it needs unbreakable marriage.

Are we, then, to see the love of the man and woman for each other as a trap set by nature? Does it lure them into prison, with every sentence a life sentence? Are human beings only pawns in nature's game of preserving the race?

Nothing could be further from reality. Men, in nature's plan, are never pawns. They cannot serve nature's purpose without serving their own. In marriage the power of sex is not weakened. Marriage provides strong banks within which sex can course at the utmost of its power, but for the service of life and not for destruction.

There is a common error: that the great lover is the multiple lover, that sex is made perfect in promiscuity. But it is in the love of one for one that men have always seen sex supremely manifested. It is not in Henry VIII or Casanova that sex is glorified. There it is comic.

It calls for no long reflection to see why. There is no vitality or mastery in being barely able to totter from one woman to the next. There is no mastery in being unable to say No. About the sex-riden there is a prowling restlessness that is a far cry from vitality. Casual promiscuity is evidence not of sexual potency but only of weakness of control. The phrase *sexual impotence* is always taken to mean impotence for the sexual act; but there is an impotence before the demands of sex which is entitled to the same name.

Falling in with nature's plan is, then, sheer gain for sex. It is sheer gain for the whole personality. A man and a woman represent, each of them, half of human nature: each needs the other for completion.

But the completion will not come from mere contact or cohabitation. There is something here faintly like what happens when two parts of hydrogen are brought together with one part of oxygen. You would expect water, since those are water's constituents: but you will not get it until you send an electric spark through. Humanity is composed of man and woman: but putting a man and woman together does not of itself constitute the true human compound. Something else must happen, something electric perhaps.

There must be a free-will offering of the self by each to the other.

Obviously you can have marriage where this mutual giving is at the barest minimum. But such a marriage is not marriage at its best, and it does not bring the enrichment of personality that each needs. In some marriages it comes quickly, in some slowly, in some hardly at all. But the quality of the marriage is measured by it. Especially is the permanence of marriage linked to it.

There is no such thing as a permanent union of flesh that is only union of flesh. One remembers W. S. Gilbert's young man, who defended his infidelity so eloquently.

*You cannot eat breakfast all day
Nor is it the act of a sinner
When breakfast is taken away
To turn your attention to dinner.
And it's not in the range of belief
That you should hold him as a
glutton
Who, when he is tired of beef,
Determines to tackle the mutton.*

It could not be better put. Modern sex life is a series of quick-change acts, hardly more emotionally significant than tiring of beef and tackling mutton. To ask for lifelong fidelity where there is no union of personalities really is to ask for the moon.

» » « «

There Was Joy in Mudville

ANY baseball fan can tell you about the mightiest home run ever hit in his club's home park. But how about the shortest blow ever to result in a bona fide homer?

The star of the occasion was Andy Oyler, a little fellow who played shortstop for Minneapolis in the early 1900's. Minneapolis was in a renewal of its hammer-and-tongs rivalry with St. Paul. It had rained the day before and the diamond was still muddy. For eight and a half innings, the base runners had floundered through mud as though their feet were tied.

The score was even when Oyler, not a very good hitter, came up in the ninth. Andy hunched over the plate, then tried clumsily to duck as the pitcher threw a fast ball right at his head. His bat was still on his shoulder, when the ball hit it. Everyone in the park heard the mighty crack, but no one, apparently, saw where the ball went.

The St. Paul catcher was looking skyward. No sign of a baseball overhead. The first sacker was searching frantically under the bag to see if the ball had stuck there. The pitcher was shouting unintelligibly, and the third baseman was accusing the bewildered umpire of standing on the ball.

Oyler, his stubby legs working like pistons, was rounding the bases. He showed them where the ball was after he had crossed home plate. It was buried in the muck, two feet in front of home plate.

Jocko Maxwell.

The Iron Heel in East Germany

*The Reds use slow starvation there instead of torture:
it is quieter and costs less*

By NORBERT MUHLEN

Condensed from "The Return of Germany"*

IN COMMUNIST Germany are three main classes, so firmly established that only a successful revolution could change the structure. Between the upper, middle, and lower classes are sharper contrasts than ever existed in any capitalist society.

In the lowest class are the "enemies of the people." They are the so-called economic criminals: capitalists, exploiters, saboteurs of reconstruction, that is, industrialists, small tradesmen, or artisans, who had to be removed in the interest of the rulers' monopoly of economic ownership, production, and distribution. It includes also the so-called neo-fascists, militarists, American agents, spies in the service of Wall St., rowdies and hooligans, diversionists, Social Democrats, clerico-reactionaries, servants of foreign intelligence, terrorists—in short, those actively or passively critical of the regime for political reasons.

By the end of 1951, close to 160,000 "enemies of the people" and 185,000 "war criminals" had been jailed or killed in East Germany. This figure was at least as high as

the number of political prisoners of the peacetime period of the 3rd Reich, when the victims were drawn from a population almost three times as large as that of East Germany. Of the new convict population, almost 10,000 were "economic criminals"; the others were held guilty of political opposition.

The new dictatorship took over from the nazis the concentration camps of Buchenwald, Sachsenhausen and Neu-Brandenburg. In addition, it established nine new concentration camps of its own. By 1950, more than 200,000 prisoners had been sent to those camps. Of these, 96,000 died; 41,000 were deported to slave-labor camps of the Soviet Union.

The same year the government announced that all camps had been dissolved. What it did not reveal was that only 37,500 prisoners were released. Of these, 71% were very sick people; the others were nazis needed to bolster the new communist-controlled National Democratic party. Most of the prisoners were transferred to prisons which were not called concentration camps, to

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the old state prison of Waldheim, or to new forced-labor camps in East Germany, or to Siberia.

Prisoners in the East German concentration camps were rarely tortured or worked to death. The method of exterminating them was what in scientific Soviet language is called *dystrophy*, the slow and certain wasting away of life through carefully calculated food deficiency. In short, the prisoners were starved to death without cost to the regime, and without publicity.

Most of the prisoners were convicted by the "people's courts." Fifty-five per cent of the judges and 71% of the prosecutors in these courts in 1951 were workers or peasants. Their sole legal qualification was a short training in special communist schools as "people's jurists." The other, more traditionally educated, judges and prosecutors were all Party members in good standing, bound by the German communist secret police, the SSD (State Security Service), and the Soviet Russian secret police, the MVD.

It was standard practice for the "people's courts" to mete out the maximum punishment to anyone who had been denounced by any of the secret-police services. Hilde Benjamin, vice president of the Red supreme court, who personally conducted the prosecution in more important cases, explained in 1952 that the law alone could not determine what constituted a crime. It

was enough for an act to be "dangerous to society; jurisdiction had to be founded on the fight for the party and the working class in the sense of Marxism-Leninism-Stalinism."

In appreciation for her "special contribution to the new democratic science of the laws," the East Berlin university awarded her the title of Doctor *honoris causa*. In her acceptance speech she declared that she was proud of never having felt pity for any of the 346 men, women, boys, and girls whom she had condemned to terms of more than 20 years in prison or to death.

Among the prisoners in the Red Reich were those who had, for one short moment of their lives, inadvertently, perhaps, or in an upsurge of human dignity, behaved like free men. Such a one was the fisherman on the island of Ruegen, aged 68. Before a speech by Pieck was to be broadcast in the local inn, the fisherman said ("with a vicious smirk," as the prosecutor stated and as the judgment confirmed), that he "preferred to sleep at home." He got two years for disturbing the peace. A Leipzig worker read a West Berlin newspaper someone had left in a trolley car, and gave it to a comrade on the job. He got "four years for sabotage work at American orders." A party member of old standing went to a saloon one night, got drunk, and "called the leaders of the state obscene names"—one year in prison. In this case the

innkeeper, waiter, five other guests, who had (as a secret policeman on the spot reported) grinned rather than called the police, were each sentenced to one year.

Together with an army of "free" workers, the forced laborers had to work under the bayonets of 11,000 Soviet MVD troops 12 to 15 hours a day.

That almost every East German was pressed to enlist in one or more communist-controlled groups had a double advantage for the rulers. The totalitarian dictatorship must control all its citizens all the time. As members of auxiliary organizations, they could be continually watched, investigated, tested.

Some who had to join such organizations, even under duress and with mental reservations, came to experience a sense of complicity with the rulers until they inwardly submitted to them. Forced to ally themselves with the devil, or at least to pretend to have joined the devil's army, they sometimes convinced themselves that this devil, seen from close by, wasn't actually so bad. Others more cynically hoped that his rule was going to last so that they themselves would profit from their alliance with him.

Totalitarian dictatorship tends to stimulate even among the best men exactly those qualities which are alien to the morality of a sane and decent society. The conflict between nontotalitarian convictions and totalitarian actions weighed heavily on

many East Germans. At the great Berlin convention of Protestant laymen in 1951, an East German boy of 17 rose spontaneously to say, "What is so unbearable is that we have to lie all the time. I can't go on lying forever."

Those who excelled in the mass organizations because of their "enthusiasm and devotion," were soon promoted to the group of candidates for party membership.

The most precious reward of membership in the Communist party was the membership book itself. This was a voluminous "card" showing the holder's good standing in the party. It was renewable with fresh stamps and signatures after every investigation and purge.

Party members or not, all citizens of the Red Reich who wished to avoid disgrace, public stigmatization, perhaps death, had to adhere to the party line. They had to avoid doubting even in their minds its absolute "correctness"; prove their "proletarian vigilance" by informing on their fellow citizens; develop "communist ruthlessness" by denial of their normal human feelings, and hate those the party ordered them to hate.

Most people, party members and others, were afraid not to live up to these standards. A spark of independence or curiosity might destroy their blind belief; their better instincts might overcome their submission to evil; or they simply might make a mistake. Since prac-

tically everybody was a potential offender, everybody felt secretly guilty. Punishment might meet anybody tomorrow and destroy him.

Fear was the strongest bond in the building of the totalitarian community. It not only brought about blind obedience of the people, but stimulated them to participate actively in Red affairs. A totalitarian rule needs accomplices rather than slaves; it forces its slaves to turn into accomplices supporting it by their own will. The 3rd Reich succeeded to a degree in this goal. The Red Reich, with more widespread violence and fewer loopholes for the escape of the individual into "nonpolitical" passivity, made great-

er claims on the people living there.

East Germany did not become the Red Reich because the Germans are naturally inclined that way. It became so for the same reason as did Russia, the Baltic countries, Hungary, Bulgaria, Albania, Poland, Czechoslovakia, China, North Korea. Small groups of evil men, holding the concentrated power of their machine age, subdued the unorganized masses and ruled them with the threat of total destruction. What they created was that ultimate perversion of a true community, the collective of fear in which the people are compelled to participate passively, and even actively, or be killed.



How Your Church Can Raise Money

AFTER our church had been redecorated we were faced with a \$1,500 debt. We had a church dinner, and raised \$500, but that left \$1,000 to be paid. How would we meet this debt?

Forty parishioners signed up as blood donors to the near-by Mayo Blood center in Rochester, Minn., where patients, in turn, pay for transfusions. Each donor pledged himself to give blood every three months—four times a year.

Twenty-five dollars was paid to each donor. The \$1,000 was paid with the first donation of blood.

Then our pastor was installed in a new parish. As a going-away gift, the parishioners gave him the proceeds from their second blood donation for his new parish. The third blood donation was used for improvement of the cemetery, and the fourth for parish expenses.

Christ shed His Blood to redeem us. What joy it gave our parishioners to give their blood for His Church.

Mrs. Sanford Kelly.

Has your parish employed a novel and interesting plan for raising money? If so, write the CATHOLIC DIGEST. For each letter used, we will pay \$10 on publication.

The Wake of My Aunt Rose

Italians in America are slowly giving up some of the finest things of their older way of life

By ROSE GRIECO

Condensed from the *Commonweal**

THEY don't have wakes any more like they used to have; at least, not Italian wakes. One of my earliest memories has to do with the death of my Aunt Rose, who was killed on Thanksgiving day when I was three years old.

We had finished our dinner, and my father had taken my two older sisters to visit my Aunt Mary, who lived around the corner; baby brother had been put to sleep. My mother started washing the kitchen floor. I was sitting near the window watching her, as she sang folk tunes of her childhood. I liked those songs because they told a story. Years later I discovered that they often dealt with revenge and death. Maybe the songs sounded sweet and gentle to me because my mother sang them.

Grandmother was rocking herself in the parlor, crocheting a bedspread for one of our hope chests, even though we were much too young to know what it was that



young girls were supposed to hope for. She joined my mother in some of the songs, and it was a lovely afternoon. I probably never would have remembered it if it hadn't been that my mother had just poured some more soapy water on the floor when her Uncle Mike burst into the room, without knocking.

My mother stopped singing, and looked at him. He just stood there, without saying a word, and she knew something was wrong. My grandmother stopped singing, too, and everyone knew that something was very wrong. He told my mother not to get excited, and she dropped the mop. Anybody knows that the only time somebody tells you not to get excited is when there's something to get really excited about.

I don't remember much of what happened then. But I do recall that mother and her uncle went tearing out of the house, and grand-

*386 4th Ave., New York City 16, March 27, 1953. Copyright 1953 by Commonwealth Publishing Co., Inc., and reprinted with permission.

mother started to moan. The water spread all over the kitchen floor. I was told, years later, that I picked up the mop and tried to finish the job mother had started.

The next memory I have of my Aunt Rose's death is when they brought her home. The wailing could be heard for blocks.

My grandmother sang the story of her daughter's life and death, in a rhythmic monotone. Periodic lamentations from the other mourners created a melancholy counterpoint. My grandmother mourned in the uninhibited manner of the ancient Greeks; intermittently she banged her head against the wall, in helpless fury. Shortly afterward she went blind.

Aunt Rose had been seeking her only son, Michael, to come home to dinner when she made her fateful crossing at Bloomfield Ave. Michael has never been able to eat turkey since that black Thanksgiving day.

Even now, after all those years, at some moment during Thanksgiving dinner we are reminded of Aunt Rose's tragic death. Our parents were never trained to steer their thoughts into pleasant channels. Rather, they remember forever their loved ones, regardless of what unhappy thoughts come with the memories.

It came time for the coffin to be closed over my beautiful Aunt Rose. One by one her dear ones leaned over her to pour out their

sorrow and love in shouting and weeping. I remember being lifted up high to kiss her for whom I was named.

They don't do such dramatic things now. Children are kept away from funerals as if contagious diseases were connected with them. People don't even "die" anymore! They "go away." Since we were Italians, we weren't afraid to say that people die.

I don't mind telling you that years later I kissed my Aunt Mary before they closed the coffin over her, too, even though her cheek was cold as marble. I was 12 at the time, and I guess a psychologist would be all against it. But I kissed Aunt Mary because my mother wished me to, and because I loved her, and her being dead didn't change my love any.

But don't think that all aspects of the wakes of my childhood were sad. They weren't. The relatives came from near and far. Some of them we saw only at weddings and funerals, and they always gave us money: naturally, we were glad to see them, no matter how sad the occasion. There was always the contingent of out-of-town relatives. They would say a prayer at the bier, shed appropriate tears, and voice a fair amount of affectionate memories. Then they would always somehow find their way to the kitchen. There, comfortable around the large, round table, with the inevitable gallon of wine in the cen-

ter, they would manage to have quite a pleasant time of it.

I'll never forget the time my Uncle Angelo came into the kitchen during my grandmother's wake. He discovered that his two sisters-in-law from New York had finished almost a whole gallon of wine, while they wept over Granny's numerous virtues. Uncle Angelo blew an oversized fuse, and his remonstrations could be heard over on Route 23. The ladies had only wished to make the trip worth while. They indignantly announced that they would leave on the next train. But it was doubtful that they could even make it to the front door. Wiser heads prevailed, and they were put to bed.

This incident caused a rift in the family. Uncle Angelo's relatives were furious at his having made a demonstration out of something they considered quite ordinary. They stopped talking to his wife's side of the family, which was us. This state of affairs continued for seven years.

Then Aunt Mary died, and everybody showed up from everywhere. Everybody cried and kissed everybody, and the same people parked themselves in the kitchen with the everlasting gallon of wine.

But Uncle Angelo didn't say anything this time, because Aunt Mary was his wife, and he didn't know what was going on anywhere.

Another thing that impressed me about wakes was this. No matter

how dazed with grief the bereaved were, somehow they would remember if a fifth cousin's brother-in-law from Weehawkin didn't show up.

I guess the reason is that Italians are in dead earnest about their wakes. When somebody dies, they drop everything. Even if they don't have a car, no matter how old or sick they are, they take trains and subways and always show up. They know that in times of sorrow people need other people.

Many people don't know how the Italians insured themselves when they came to this country early in the century. They were mostly poor, or they wouldn't have left Italy in the first place.

They knew nothing about insurance companies. But when one of them died, all the other Italians who knew about it would bring a certain amount of money to the wake. Thus the family could pay for the burial. The name and amount were duly recorded in a book, and this became a debt of honor for the bereaved family. It meant that they received the money when they needed it most; and it would be years before they would return it. All the people who contributed were certainly not going to die at once.

Most of the Italian-Americans of my generation have broken away from this custom because they consider it old-fashioned. I suppose it reminds them of the days when our people were poor and kept to them-

selves. But I always loved the custom. One dealt not with a cold and efficient insurance company but with the sympathy and kindness of other human beings.

During the depression, I remember going to Italian wakes and seeing very poor people there. They would go proudly into the back room to donate their few dollars toward easing someone else's burden. They were responding not to a semi-annual bill, but to the understanding in their hearts.

When I go to wakes today, I sense a strangeness in our behavior, and I know that we Italians have become assimilated. No one dares have a dear one laid out at home any more. It just isn't done. There is a hushed, refined atmosphere in

the funeral home. And one must remember above all things to "keep a stiff upper lip." I cannot help but inquire why that is so necessary. If you can't cry at a wake, it means you can't cry anywhere. That's bad.

There are flowers galore at our modern wakes, and very little weeping. If an old person from our parents' generation makes the mistake of showing honest emotion, she is looked at askance. She realizes sadly that she now stands amid the alien corn. But when one of them has the courage to cry, as women should cry at wakes, I find it almost impossible not to join her.

But I weep not so much for one who has left this imperfect world, as for a way of life that is fast disappearing.



The Pope's Feathered Guests

At 6:15 A.M. a little alarm clock rings beside the Pope's bed.

Immediately afterwards, the buzzing of his electric razor is a signal to Gretel, the little goldfinch which fell from its nest in the Vatican gardens and was tenderly taken into the Pope's private apartment.

Without formality, Gretel perches herself on the hand wielding the razor.

Dangling as from a branch, Gretel bursts into morning song, jumping from the Pope's shoulders to his head, and quiets down only when the razor stops.

After Mass, the Pope takes a light breakfast. As at all his other meals, he is alone except for the little birds who keep him company.

Later in the day, when the Pope returns to his apartment for lunch, Gretel jumps on his shoulder and other birds hop about round the Holy Father's plate.

But the birds know that their liberty ends when it is time for him to begin work again. Then they allow themselves to be carried peacefully to an adjoining room, where they are put into their cages.

Osservatore Romano quoted in the London Universe (14 March '52).

My Chinese "House Arrest"

No matter what the Reds call it, it is a form of torture

By ROBERT W. GREENE, M.M.

Condensed from "*Calvary in China*" *

Father Robert W. Greene, a Maryknoll Missioner from Jasper, Ind., spent 15 years in China. Under the communists he narrowly escaped death twice.

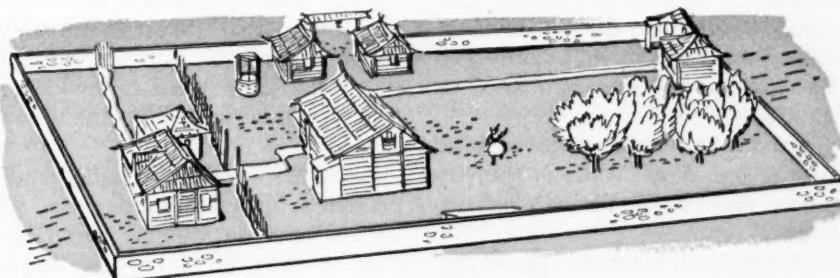
Once, soldiers armed with tommy guns stood Father Greene against a wall and threatened to shoot unless he confessed to posing as a priest to carry on spy activities. Then, after two public trials, he was sentenced to be beheaded. The following day, however, the order was changed to expulsion from China forever. Red officials warned Father Greene that communists would take over America in ten years, and then he would have to serve the rest of his jail term. But the Maryknoll Missioner doubts it.

HOUSE ARREST," in Red China is a misleading euphemism. In plain language, it means that

your home becomes a prison, your room a prison cell. You are confined as a criminal, treated as a criminal, and feel like a criminal.

The Red army came to our little village of Tung-an in southern China in December, 1949. Within a few months, they deported my two Maryknoll assistants, sent away our three Chinese nuns, closed the dispensary, turned our church into the town prison, and put me in "house arrest." In Tung-an there was previously no prison. Our mission church became the jail, and my rectory, the prison annex.

My Christians were suffering and dying without the sacraments. This fact and hour-by-hour annoyance were beginning to wear me down. But for the grace of God and the



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aid of the blessed Mother, I never could have withstood it.

I might be attempting to read or pray or eat rice. A team of ten would come, ask questions, and then inspect my personal possessions. My tooth paste would be tasted, my toothbrush fingered. Razor blades were tested; in fact, the shaving equipment was often used on the almost beardless faces of the young soldiers. They would sniff and touch my food.

Had this been a single inspection, it would not have been so difficult to bear. But several times a day I went through the same process, the same testing, the same taunting, the same questions, the same answers. Team followed team. They were fresh and eager, I was weary. Day by day the noose was losing its slack.

The Youth-corps students were as bad. One common vexation was the sincere effort of these young people to convert me. Each in his turn would expound the glories of communism, or the glories of Mao Tse-tung or Stalin. One by one they would take up the evils of imperialism, the wrongs committed by America in Korea and in Manchuria.

I recall one Youth-corps member asking one day, "What is your attitude toward the People's government?"

I replied, "I have no special attitude toward it. We hear that it has been established to help the

people. If it does that and allows the people to worship God it is good."

"What is your salary?"

"We receive no salary," I replied.

"Then how do you live? Where do you get your money?"

"We get our means of support from the sacrifices of Catholics in America," I said. "They make it possible for us to carry on our good works here in China for the Chinese people."

At that there was laughter, and the young questioner hissed, "Everyone knows that you are an agent for the U.S. government."

"I am an agent of the Catholic people of America who wish to spread the religion of Jesus and to help those in need."

"What of your wife and children in America?"

"We priests do not have wives; we are not permitted to marry," I explained. "We are similar to the young communists who must devote all their time and energies to their cause."

I had been told months before by the Sisters that the students and soldiers had been instructed to do just what they were now doing: to keep bothering me, to wear me down.

Repeatedly the officials demanded that I fill out questionnaires, to be answered in Chinese and English. Often the same questions, concerning family, education, religious and political status, were

asked several times in the same week.

Of all the groups that came to torment me, the teams of small children caused me the most annoyance. Their duty was to arouse the people in the early morning and inspect their homes.

In groups of ten or 12, led by a youngster carrying a flag, they would march in. My heart went out to these children. Their brains were obviously washed, and they were filled with hatred for me and all I stood for. They did not know what they were doing. Their parents no longer had any control over them. Parents had become afraid of their children; the reward was great for the child who informed on his parents.

Some of these children were from Catholic families, some I had treated in the dispensary; I had seen them all in the market place. I would smile a welcome, but they would return stony stares, with sneers of hatred on their little faces. They would point to something that seemed out of place, or to dust.

Once, one of my Catholic boys was in the group. God obviously had been washed from his brain. He severely scolded me for some dirt in the hallway downstairs.

"The dirt downstairs was left there by the soldiers, not by me," I answered, as patiently as I could.

One of the other boys said angrily, "You should not speak that

way about the soldiers of the People's government."

I ignored the lad and turned to the Catholic youngster. "Ah-San, you know that I have been many times to your home and you know also that in comparison, my house is very clean." This caused a chorus of curses from the children. They marched out showering abusive language, sickening to hear from their young lips.

Evening after evening teams of youngsters would gather under my window singing communist songs. One they repeated several times: "If there were no Communist party there would be no great China." Sometimes in the midst of their singing, stones would fly through the window. Shouts of fiendish glee would well up from the street as they ran away. Soldiers near by would make no effort to interfere; rather, they encouraged them. Often, during these months, I would drop to my knees and pray for strength.

Previously I had my daily duties: dispensary sick calls, long mission trips over the mountains, teaching, preaching, visiting. Now there was only sitting and pacing my room, wondering, waiting. It was difficult to think; to console myself with the thought that it was God's will; to pray; or to read. What form would the next torment take? I could not resist the temptation to ask myself: Why is this happening to me now? So much remained to

be done for these people who were becoming so receptive to the Gospel teaching.

One of the big thorns in my side at this time was the Red army indoctrinator. He was a boisterous, thickset major, about 30 years old and a high Party man as well. He had come occasionally when the other two Fathers were with me; now he came regularly.

Before their expulsion, Fathers Gilmartin and Nugent had tabbed him the Maniac; he had an uncontrollable hatred for Americans and a diabolical zeal for communism. He would rant about the inhuman treatment of Chinese prisoners by American soldiers in Korea. He would describe the brutal bombing of innocent Chinese across the Yalu river. He would boast of the powers of the Chinese soldiers in comparison to the weak, timid Americans. Many times I heard him brag, "One Red soldier is equal to 20 Americans." He would repeat the figure, so that the soldier standing near by would take notice.

Other inquisitors repelled me and annoyed me; the Maniac scared me. He would burst into the room and strut up and down in front of me, gradually working himself into a frenzy. His eyes would flare with a venomous hatred whenever he mentioned America. He became transformed before my eyes into something inhuman, fiendish. He would brandish his

cane in front of me, sometimes banging it on the table, sending a shudder through me.

"You have guns and ammunition hidden in your house. Why do you not confess it?" This was the daily question yelled at me by the Maniac. "Just admit that you have them; that's all you are asked to do." I would deny it. Then he would add, "I've been trying to help you, but if you insist on hiding your guns, I can do nothing for you."

With some such remark as this he would abruptly walk out, leaving me utterly exhausted and limp. The ordinary unlettered soldiers and the endless teams of shallow-thinking students were easy to handle and endure. Nothing could be compared to the Maniac.

Oddly enough, he understood considerable Catholic doctrine. He had heard, he said, that I told the people the communists were "Red devils." Just as I was trying to frame an answer to that, I noticed that his angry demeanor had changed. A queer smile broke out on his face. He seemed to have accepted the epithet smugly enough, as though he considered it a compliment. He did not want me to answer.

It was the Maniac who first leveled his bitter tongue at our blessed Mother. He seemed to take a devilish delight in taunting me about the virgin birth and our devotion to Mary.

Another officer called regularly. He was commander of all the forces operating from headquarters in the convent. His every sentence would start with "I say." In his northern dialect the expression sounded like the name of the Polish capital. So Father Gilmartin early named him Major Warsaw.

Warsaw was a cruel Party officer, but his voice was rarely raised in uncontrolled anger. His technique was to pierce like a stiletto; the Maniac's normal attack was the broadsword. For hours Major Warsaw would pour out the glories of communism. He was dead serious as he attempted to wash my brain, to convert me. He tried to convince me that Christianity was utter superstition.

My Red captors kept me "informed" of events in the outside world. While the Sisters were still with us and received some news, I could follow sketchily the lives of the Christians. With great glee the Maniac would gloat about the Red victories in Korea. "America, with all its vaunted power," he would shout, "is confined to a small strip of territory in feeble Korea. You will see one day the might of the great Red armies as they sweep the imperialistic Americans into the sea."

He reveled in his tirades against America. "Don't you know that the economic structure of your filthy country is toppling? Look at the endless breadlines, the strikes

that cripple your production. The soft, easy American way, made possible by exploiting the Asiatic peoples, is at an end."

Then he would lower his voice a bit. "Do you know the size of the great Russian army? It is larger than all the imperialistic armies of the world combined. And do you know that the greatest scientists are in Russia? For example, Russian scientists have succeeded in making rain. They have no need of your divine providence to produce it."

I would explain, "I think rain has been produced artificially in America. But American scientists do not yet claim to have the power to make clouds."

Bang went the cane on the table by my side. "You imperialists are filled with lies. You take credit for all discoveries. Only now are we learning the truth, namely, that most all scientific inventions came originally from our great friend and benefactor, Russia."

What surprised me most in the explosive tirades of the Maniac and cold declamations of Major Warsaw was their grasp of things Christian. They knew the number of missionaries Maryknoll and other societies had in South China. They would often refer to Chinese priests who had been enrolled in the American "imperialistic spy ring." The Maniac gloatingly greeted me one morning with news that two reactionary Chinese priests

had been executed in Hupei for carrying on anti-communistic activity.

I pointed out to him that Christians are taught to be loyal citizens of their country, and to defend it in time of danger. The catechism's explanation of patriotism proved unconvincing to the Maniac's well-washed brain. A smug smile might replace the angry growl—as much as to imply, "Do you expect me to believe that? We are not fooled by what you write in your lying books."

Major Warsaw found delight in taunting me about our title *Shen Fu*, Spiritual Father. "You say you have no wife or family, yet you insist on the title Spiritual Father to lord it over the Chinese people. You make them kneel down before you and try to subject their thoughts and actions to your will."

"You are wrong, comrade," I said, "we do not ask the people to kneel before us, but to God alone. We priests are addressed as Spiritual Father merely because it is a title, like your title of major among

your men. The Church is a family, and the Christians are like spiritual children whom we try to lead toward God."

What I found most difficult to endure was the repetitious chanting of Mao Tse-tung's praises by Major Warsaw and the Youth-corps members. I began to learn by heart the glorious history of Mao. He was a poor but honest boy who had turned his back on his unjust land-owner parents. He championed the underdog, the downtrodden, and the peasant. He fought against the bandit, Chiang, for a free People's government. His great mercy toward those who went astray, his unlimited ability in statesmanship, in military matters, in economics, in building bridges and roads designed and engineered by him—all were apparent.

Then the group would sing a hymn praising the (almost) divine powers of Mao. He was their savior. The propaganda leaders have certainly done a thorough job of presenting Mao to the Chinese people.

Score: One to One Half

SEVERAL years ago in Missouri, Cascade and Buckhorn were playing a semi-pro league game. Cascade was leading 1-0, with two out in the last half of the ninth, when a Buckhorn hitter smashed a fly ball that had all the earmarks of a circuit clout. The left fielder backed up against the fence for a desperate, leaping effort.

Just as he jumped, the ball split in two, one half being speared by the fielder and the other half sailing over the wall. The umpire was caught in the middle of a furious debate, and got out from under the decision by declaring Cascade the winner by half a run.

Jocko Maxwell.

They Called Him Fighting Fred

*Polio gave Fred Vant Hull a hard time,
but it also gave him faith in God and man*

By JOHN G. HUBBELL
Condensed from the *Marianist**

THEY called him "Fighting Fred" in that 1940 season. He was a big, tough, fast, 20 then, and he played the game like he really meant it. He held down the left-tackle position in a line that led Bernie Bierman's Minnesota team to a national championship. But there never was another season like 1940 for Fred Vant Hull.

He is older now, and a little mellow. He doesn't look older than his 32 years, understand. But he doesn't look 20 any more, either. You would expect him to look older after what happened to him, and maybe a trifle bitter.

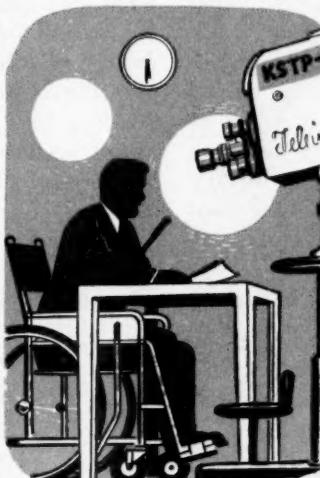
"You get used to it," he says. "You can't just sit around and mope. You thank God you are alive and you make the best of what you have."

If this boy's energies had been chan-

neled along less savory lines, his past could have been a playground for criminal psychologists. He was the product of a split family. He had gone to live with his mother, and the going had been tough. Many were the days when there hadn't been much to eat. He would have been out working all day when he was 14 if the law hadn't said he had to go to high school.

There was a football coach in the high school named Ancil Ilstrup, and he taught Fred how to play the game. He played it hard and made All-City. When he graduated, he decided on college. So he got a job, and started working his way through the University of Minnesota. He studied hard and then came an appointment to Annapolis.

His Annapolis career didn't last long. There was a girl in



*300 College Park Ave., Dayton 9, Ohio. May, 1953. Copyright 1953
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Minneapolis named Muriel Huck, and she weighed 98 pounds, and he loved her. So he married her in the middle of his plebe year, and he had to leave Annapolis, because midshipmen can't be married.

But the war was on, and he still wanted to be in the navy. So the navy made him a chief petty officer and sent him to Bremerton, Wash., where he was a physical-training specialist.

He played the 1946 football season with the Los Angeles Dons. Then the Dons went out of business and he joined the Green Bay Packers.

It was at the Packers' summer training camp in 1948 that he began to think about religion. It was the first time he had ever thought much about it. He suddenly realized what a powerful force it had been in his life. Somewhere, back in the mistiest corners of his memory, he began to hear those heated arguments again that had led to his parents' divorce. They had been meaningless to him then, but now he thought about them. Questions began to fill his mind. He groped. It was no good.

He began to have long talks with a Protestant minister in Green Bay. Then he went to a priest. He worried about it for weeks. Finally, he went to the priest again. The priest instructed him, and that fall Fred was baptized a Catholic.

There wasn't much time to practice his new-found religion. So

many games were on the road, it was hard sometimes to even get to church. There was practice, day after day, and then those bone-rattling games. Gradually, religious thoughts faded to the back of his mind again, and lay still.

By the spring of 1949, he had two children and another was on the way. He took his family back to Minneapolis to settle down for good. He was 29 now, and tired of getting his brains beat out in football.

He and his wife Muriel bought a 60-year-old farmhouse near Hopkins, a Minneapolis suburb. It was ancient, but Fred was handy with tools. It was a good place for Pete, 8, and Gretchen, 5, and Christine, who was on the way, to grow up.

The summer was a grueling one. Fred sold cars by day, and worked nights and week ends on the house. By the middle of August the house was almost finished. They were living in it now, and Fred was glad he could lay down when he felt like it. He had not been feeling right, lately.

He lay in his bed in the dawn of Aug. 23, 1949. He was conscious of a dull headache that had been with him often lately. He blamed it on the heat. He started toward the closet to get his robe.

A blinding pain, and he felt his legs buckle under him. He saw everything going black as he hit the floor, and heard himself shout. Then Muriel was out of bed. He

was trying to pull himself off the floor, but he couldn't. Muriel helped him up, and he sat on the edge of the bed. A searing pain gripped his whole body, and his head throbbed. He fought off nausea.

The doctor told Muriel to rush Fred to St. Andrew's hospital in Minneapolis. He would meet them there.

Fred tried to dress. Every move intensified the pain. He seemed to be losing control of his arms and legs. His fingers could not cope with his shirt buttons.

The ride to St. Andrew's was torture. Fred heard himself scream once or twice. Finally, they were at the hospital. Fred's legs would not walk any more. Muriel helped him. A nurse met them, and she and Muriel got Fred to a chair.

Now he could feel the muscles in his chest and stomach collapsing. He started to fall off the chair, but the two women caught him. They managed to get him onto the doctor's examining table.

Then the doctor was bending over him. He told Muriel to go home. Muriel walked into the house just as the phone rang. "We are moving Fred to University hospital," the doctor said. "Meet us there."

At University hospital, the doctor was gentle and reassuring. But he said, "Polio. Bulbar and spinal."

Muriel almost fainted. Bulbar! The killer! Muriel wanted to tell the doctor to stop being gentle with

her, to speak the truth. But she couldn't.

Fred was in the polio ward, in a room with two others. He was awake now, and the pain had given way to a ravenous hunger. A nurse brought him a roast-beef sandwich. He tried to reach for it. His arm behaved as if it did not belong to him.

In the next few days, the maddening frustration of immobility began to gnaw at his mind. He could not understand the pain, why he could not get up and walk.

Fred felt a pressure building up in his lungs. Then he was on a stretcher. "We are going to put you in an iron lung, just for tonight," the doctor said. "Your lungs need a rest."

Fred had trouble coordinating the lung's efforts with his own. They had to give him oxygen.

He could not come out of that lung for months. He needed it now, because the bulbar had reached his lungs and was ready to smother him.

The next month was a nightmare, awake and asleep. Fred had to be pulled out of the lung every hour and turned from his back to one side and then the other. This was to keep the pressure from becoming too great on any one part of his body, and to keep the fluid from settling in his lungs.

But every so often one of his arms would fall, and he would pass out from the pain. The doctor got

in touch with the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis (March of Dimes) in Washington, D.C. Very soon, a lung, built to accommodate big Fred Vant Hull, arrived.

Once Fred faced the boy in the next lung, whose polio encephalitis had reached the brain. Nurses and doctors worked hard for three hours. They were too busy to turn Fred over. He watched them try to save this boy, and then he saw him die.

Fright and depression fell upon him. He began to wonder whether it was better to live with this thing or die from it. But he didn't wish to die. He wished to walk again in the summer sun, and play football with young Pete; to take his wife dancing, and go to football games; to watch his daughters grow up and go out on their first dates.

Sometimes, though, the pain would come back with such force that Fred would pray to die. When he began praying again, he had to think of the God he prayed to. What kind of God was it, he wondered, who would let this happen to him?

Muriel visited the hospital daily with news about the kids. The hospital would allow only one visitor daily, and Fred's mother was afraid she might cry when she saw him. So she took care of his children, and prayed.

One late September Saturday,

when Fred was feeling better, he was moved to a private room. A television set was brought in. He watched Minnesota's opening football game against Washington. The windows were open, and Memorial stadium was only a few blocks away. Fred got so excited that his pulse went up to 166.

He plunged into a long crisis. An old teammate named Butch Levy told an M Club meeting in Minneapolis that he wasn't sure Fred could make it. Fred's body in the lung was like a great boil.

Then, one magic day, Dr. Glen Gullickson told Muriel that the danger point had passed. Soon, Fred was breathing by himself, out of the lung, for 20 minutes at a time. By the middle of November, he was breathing by himself in two-hour stretches. And exercising went on, but the pain was always the same.

Fred began to worry intensely about his hospital bills. Doc Gullickson told him to stop worrying, that the March of Dimes would pay for it. But the doctor was silently pleased that Fred was well enough to worry about such things. Nevertheless, financial worries pressed upon Fred's mind. Even if the hospital bills would be paid, what about the house? What about Muriel and the kids?

Butch Levy learned that Fred was in tight financial straits. He got together with Ancil Ilstrup, who had taught them both to play

football. Why not throw a big dance and give the proceeds to Fred?

They rented a big ballroom, signed the best band they could find. The newspapers urged on the public. The place was filled.

Levy and Ilstrup looked hesitantly into the till. They had cleared \$4,000. Then Rudy Luther, general manager of the automobile agency that had employed Fred, came with news. His employees had decided they didn't need a Christmas party. They even added a little to the pot they would have used for it.

Levy took the check for \$5,000 out to Muriel. And when Fred saw it, he didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

Things happened inside Fred Vant Hull. His tired soul found the cynicism that had begun to claim him and choked it. In that moment all the years of indecision and doubt were ended. He knew, now, that the awesome, remote, sometimes unbelievable *Anonymous* who was his God was not remote nor unbelievable, but very personal and very near; that there was part of Him in every man. He knew that it was this goodness in people that made them warm and generous and kind when you needed them, and that you always do need them, no matter who or what you are; that when you set yourself up as sufficient unto yourself, only then are you beaten.

He knew that it was not a man's

business to question "God, but to school himself in the gracious acceptance of His will. And he knew, through all of this, that he was going to get well. It was almost as if God had said to him, "Now you know the reason for the life I have given you. Live it." Fred felt very humble.

He worked hard at the breathing exercises, and improved fast. Finally, on Dec. 20, he came out of the lung for good.

Then he began to practice walking. A maternity girdle was used to support his stomach muscles. His arms were held in slings. Five people walked him, because he could not make his legs do the work of walking for him.

On Christmas day, Muriel brought Pete and Gretchen to the hospital, and Fred met them in a wheel chair. The children were shocked and could not hide their bewilderment. Fred weighed 127 pounds, and could not hold out his arms to his children.

A little while later, Dr. Gullickson told Fred that there was an opening at Sheltering Arms hospital, a rehabilitation center in Minneapolis.

The first time Fred realized there was a chance that he might not walk again was when they wheeled him into Sheltering Arms. The patients were hard-bitten men. Whenever a new patient came in, they tried to get him used to the idea that he might fail. That way the

disappointment wouldn't be too great if he did.

A gaunt man in a bed at the end of the ward was the first to greet Fred. "Well, well," he said. "Here comes the big, tough football player. It got you, too, eh? I suppose you think you'll be walking out of here in a month?"

"Two months!" Fred snapped. He believed it. The weeks turned into months.

On March 8, Christine, the baby, arrived. A week later, Fred went home for a Sunday. He saw the new baby and longed to hold her. And he saw the house that had been finished with the money from Levy and Ilstrup and all the other people. He reveled in its luxury.

By the middle of April, Fred was learning to walk with crutches, and the aid of several male technicians. By midsummer he walked alone on his crutches. So they sent him home for good in August, when it was a year.

Sometimes, when his children wanted him to do something that he could not, he was unhappy with the disappointment that showed in their faces. One day in fall they had a family picnic on the lawn. One of Pete's friends showed up. Suddenly, he pointed at Fred. "Pete's dad can't even feed himself," he said.

Pete started after the boy, but Fred stopped him with a word. Nothing happened. Nothing was said. There was only Pete's anger,

and the burning determination that had exploded in Fred's mind with the boy's words.

The next morning, Muriel drove him to Swedish hospital, in Minneapolis, where he joined a "heavy-rehabilitation" program. It was intense. The emphasis was on making the most of whatever muscles you had left. You learned to walk up the stairs, first with help, then without it; to eat by yourself, neatly; to write, use the telephone, brush your teeth, shave.

There was no time to think about anything else. By January, Fred was almost finished with the program, and he began to think about getting a job. But he still couldn't get around the way a salesman should. What could he do?

The answer came quickly. One day he was asked to speak at a March of Dimes banquet at the Nicollet hotel.

He spoke for only five minutes. He told them about the iron lung, about his financial worries, and how the March of Dimes had picked up all the bills, \$18,000.

He got a long round of applause. Afterwards someone told him he ought to be on radio or TV. It was just a passing remark but it stuck. A week later, he enrolled in the American Institute of the Air in Minneapolis. He studied what went into the making of a radio show. He learned diction and delivery. And while he was studying, he had an idea.

He started corresponding with some of the people he knew in the sports world. It was like a "Who's Who in Sports." There was Tom Harmon, of Michigan fame, who had his own radio and TV shows on the west coast; Otto Graham, quarterback of the Cleveland Browns; Doug DeGroot, football coach at New Mexico university; Dick Wildung, tackle for the Green Bay Packers; Leo Nomellini, tackle for the San Francisco 49-ers; Jack Dreis, manager of Arlington Park race track, Chicago; Dutch Clark, then coach at the University of Washington; and more.

They all answered. They reported straight facts about their respective teams, and they gave him personal analyses of sports in general in their areas. Around this information, he wrote a sports show, complete for radio or television.

When he finished his eight-month course at the institute he took his show to KSTP-TV, NBC's Twin Cities outlet. They told him the show looked fine, but Fred would have to sell it to a sponsor first.

Fred sold the show to an automobile dealer, on an eight-week contract. He took over a 10-minute time segment at KSTP-TV on Sunday nights. The time, he admitted, was bad.

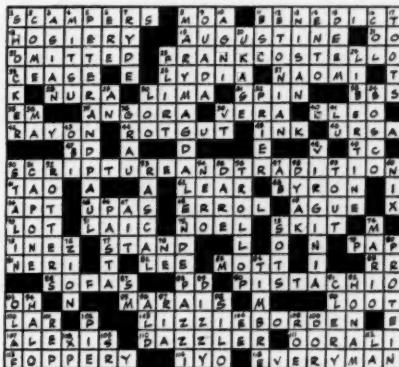
The show had a pulse rating of only 14 in the beginning. But Fred was determined to make it good. By the end of eight weeks, the rating had climbed to above 20, and

the contract was renewed for another eight weeks.

Then Fred went to Warm Springs, Ga., for surgery. Some muscles were transplanted from his right foot to his left hand, on the theory that the latter would be much more usable. It worked. He arrived back in Minneapolis on June 2, just in time to audition for a staff announcing job at KEYD, another Minneapolis station. On June 3, he was their disc jockey, newscaster, and sports announcer.

Now, he is KEYD's sports director, but he still handles the discs and news. On top of this he had a 15-minute Saturday-afternoon football show last fall, over WCCO, CBS' Minneapolis radio outlet. And since last June, he has spoken for the March of Dimes in Fargo, Los Angeles, Pittsburgh, New York, Oklahoma City, Columbus, and Albuquerque. Currently, he appears on KSTP-TV three evenings each week.

May Crossword





Without a wrist guard or finger guard, Dale Walker of Larimore, N.D., is about to find out, the hard way, that an archer needs protection. John McKenzie of Green Bay, Wis., assists Dale; and Eddie Minaric of Roseau, Minn., waits with his bow.

Voyageurs in Aluminum Canoes

Teen-agers explore some of the 14,000 pine-clad islands which dot Minnesota's Lake of the Woods

By John O'Toole

ABOUT the time the mailman delivers this magazine to your home, a boat will deliver a load of teen-age lads to Laketrails Base camp on Lake of the Woods in Northern Minnesota.

As they beach the boat on the soft white sand of Oak island and carry their gear to the tents near by, the boys begin two weeks of adventure in the land of the *voyageurs* of early American history. They'll be miles from the nearest radio, TV set, or comic book.

While they soak up the sun and the pine-scented wind, and learn to take care of themselves in the wilderness, they'll also learn new lessons about nature and God's providence.

Oak island is the base camp from which the lads will explore some of the 14,000 islands which dot the broad expanse of inland water. One of the islands, Massacre, was the scene of the martyrdom of Father Pierre Aulneau and 20 com-

panions in 1736. From its Canadian shore to the Minnesota side, historic Lake of the Woods stretches 92 miles across the international border. It's close to 50 miles wide.

Father Bill Mehrkens, a trailwise priest of the Diocese of Crookston, Minnesota, and seminarian Jerry Noesen looked over numerous islands last year before they decided in favor of Oak.

Their dream camp called for inspiring scenery, dew-fresh, tangy, clean air, vast restless expanses of fresh water, and rugged, mysterious islands. They wanted unspoiled solitude, good fishing, and adventure.

Oak island was it.

The dream camp had to be cheap enough, \$20 to \$25 for the average boy, and free to as many deserving lads as possible. For each \$25 contributed by a club or individual another youth could enjoy the camp.

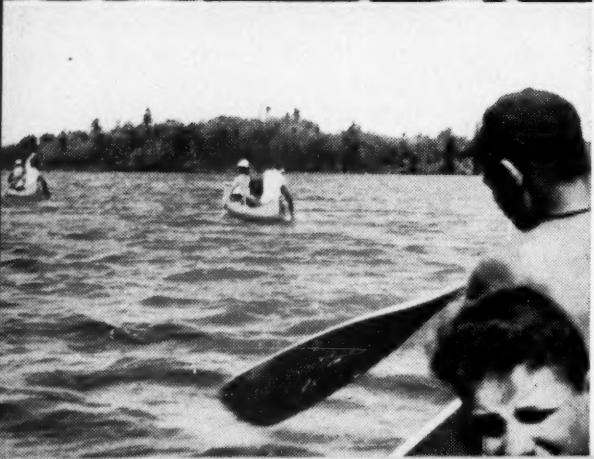
It had to be different from most camps. Instead of admitting boys of all ages it would be limited to



Father Leo Stelton of Fargo,
N. D., distributes Holy Communion in the chapel tent.



Father O'Toole climbs out
of the seaplane which he
pilots between the camp
and Warroad, Minn. His
passenger is Bishop Francis
J. Schenk of Crookston.



A passage between two
islands lies dead ahead of
these would-be voyageurs.

youths of high-school age. Experience had taught Father Mehrkens that it is the older boy who needs and appreciates camping the most. This summer, fathers who wish to join their sons may attend camp for \$35 a week.

The idea of a camp sounded just fine to Father Leonard Weber and Father Edward Herold, the diocesan CYO leaders.

Bishop Francis J. Schenk was sympathetic. He wrote to his priests: "A good Catholic camp can help some of our young people in a way that is unique. It is truly educational in a good Catholic sense; it is not merely an outing to keep boys out of mischief."

Laketrails camp is a few miles north of old Fort St. Charles on Magnuson's island, where Father Pierre Aulneau, the martyred missionary, was buried.

The camp site was considered ideal in the heyday of commercial fishing, when sturgeon and muskies were plentiful. Years ago, the Booth Fisheries Corp. used Oak island as a base for operations. The old fishing camp was built on a spear-shaped point joined to the rest of the three-mile-long island by a narrow strip of sand some 40 feet wide.

No matter which way the wind blows (and there's always a breeze) you can launch the camp's sturdy, 17-foot, aluminum canoes in sheltered water.

If a guest wants to return home quickly, a chartered seaplane from

the Minnesota shore can taxi up in the lee of the soft sand that's so easy on pontoons. The flight south to Baudette or Warroad, Minn., takes about 35 minutes, costs \$10.

The boys begin each day by attending Father Bill's morning Mass, and end it with the "family Rosary" in their tents.

If anyone has the slightest notion that there is anything stuffy about the camp, it's quickly dispelled. The startling effect of Jerry Noesen's "boogie woogie" mess call quickly does the trick. Jerry's style of bugling is the only "wicked" thing about the camp.

Supper also serves to orient a new boy. Everyone pitches in with dishwashing and some of the other camp chores. After supper, an initiation is held for new arrivals. The boys stage it themselves; and it's an hilarious occasion.

By night-prayer time, the boys feel that they belong to a swell gang.

It is a spirit that will continue to cast its magic spell on the singing around the evening campfire. It will add the salt of friendship to the coining of nicknames, the kidding, and the sharing of camp work.

Whether he lugs a heavy pack or carries a canoe on portage to one of the many rock-walled lakes in the Aulneau peninsula, each boy will quietly grow in manhood.

As he lies awake under the stars on Falcon island and listens to a timber wolf complaining to the

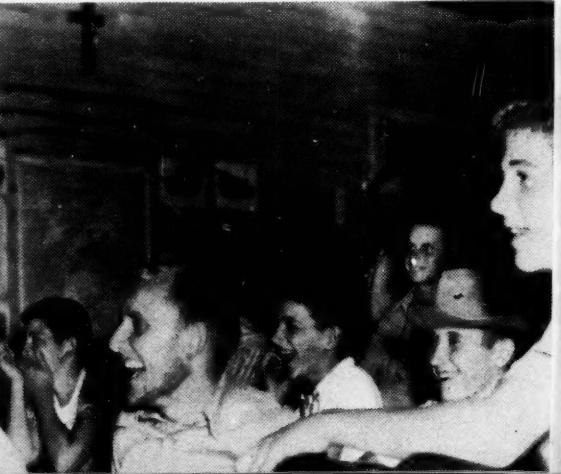


If these lads seem unappreciative of the scenery, it's (a) because they see it wherever they go on Lake of the Woods, and (b) because they have worked up appetites which make food seem much more important.

moon or to a moose sloshing through a bog, he will know that with all its surging, unpredictable

power, nature can still be his friend. He will live with men who live with God.

Activities at the northernmost boys' camp in the U. S. suggest a news broadcast. Father John O'Toole, editor of Our Northland Diocese, holds the mike for Jerry Offerdahl of Fargo. Frank Herrick monitors the program over his earphones.



Should You Be Your Own Boss?

You can find the answer for yourself right now

By MITCHELL DREESE and MAGRUDER DOBIE
Condensed from *This Week**



HAVE you ever said, "I'm tired of working to make someone else rich; I want to go into business for myself?"

The competition is stiff. Approximately 75% of the new firms opened in the last five years have already disappeared. Yet statistics from the U. S. Census bureau reveal that approximately one out of every five Americans works for himself. Thirty-five per cent of the ex-GI's who borrowed money to start a new business under the Veterans Administration guarantee have already repaid in full. It can be done.

Here's a questionnaire that will give you clues about your own possibilities as an entrepreneur. Read each one and check off with a pencil which, (a) or (b), more nearly fits your own situation.

1. *What can you give?* Henry Ford gave the public a low-priced automobile. Sears Roebuck & Co. gave people in rural areas low-

priced merchandise by mail. You patronize a certain barbershop, drugstore or filling station because they give you extra service of one kind or another.

Check one: (a) I haven't thought of anything to give the public that is not already available. () (b) I have something new or special to offer in the way of goods or service which would meet a real need. ()

2. *Sufficient Capital.* The Reconstruction Finance Corp. suggests that you should be able to match every dollar you propose to borrow with one of your own. This sounds like a stiff requirement, yet it does not even include a cushion or reserve fund to absorb the cost of unexpected developments. "Small business" is not as small as it used to be. The Department of Commerce reports that the average initial investment in retail business is \$9,500. Even so, approximately 45% of persons starting their own

*Reprinted from *This Week Magazine*, 420 Lexington Ave., New York City 17, Jan. 11, 1953.
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businesses finance them entirely on their own savings.

Check one: (a) I'm contributing my time and reputation to the venture. I expect someone else to put up the money. () (b) I have about half the capital I need and can borrow the rest at reasonable terms. ()

3. *Adequate Experience.* A few rare persons are gifted with phenomenal judgment, but to most of us sound judgment comes only with long experience. Jones worked for another optician for 32 years before he became his own boss. A star basketball player at George Washington university knew most of the school and college coaches in Washington as a student and while clerking in a sporting-goods store. Even so, he took 10 years to learn the business thoroughly before he and a partner started their own concern. They've been successful from the start.

The Department of Commerce reports that 75% of business failures are due to poor management. The fact that 60% of the failures occur in the first three years emphasizes the importance of experience.

Check one: (a) The type of business I have in mind is practically unrelated to my experience. () (b) I have had sufficient experience to be thoroughly familiar with all aspects of my new venture. ()

4. *Fondness for work.* Before he bought his grocery store, Larry

worked as a route man for a large laundry. He drove a truck for eight hours a day, was paid time and a half for overtime, spent Saturdays and Sundays and holidays with his family. As his own boss, he works an average of 14 hours a day, and longer if there are customers to serve. On Sundays he works from 8 A.M. to three or four in the afternoon. Running your own business consumes much more time and effort than working for someone else, at least until you're well established.

Check one: (a) I prefer to work eight hours, call it a day and enjoy my family and hobbies. () (b) I'm prepared to work as long and as hard as necessary to be my own boss. ()

5. *Resourcefulness.* No matter how carefully you plan your business, you're bound to encounter unexpected difficulties which you must meet by boldly changing your plans. Frank, a free-lance photographer before joining the army, decided after the war to establish a photo service with his brother. While purchasing surplus supplies from the government, he signed the wrong order slip and \$2,300 worth of used typewriters were delivered to his door. Rather than wade through the red tape of returning the machines, he decided to sell them individually and invest the proceeds in his photo service.

However, most of the typewriters were out of order, and the cost

of repairing them was so high that the brothers realized they would lose money on the deal. They then hit on the scheme of establishing a typewriter-repair school, teaching the students to repair the machines and then selling them at a profit. The brothers now operate one of the largest typewriter-repair schools in Washington.

Check one: (a) I prefer work of a well-defined nature which I know I can handle, and I'm satisfied to leave the responsibilities of meeting emergencies to someone else. () (b) I thrive on the excitement of playing the cards as they're dealt, and uncertainty sharpens my wits, keeps me on my toes. ()

6. *Getting along with people.* Many government employees have told professional counselors at George Washington university that they dislike their jobs because they must kowtow to the whims of a few key men in their department. Many of them believe they can avoid this type of situation by working for themselves.

On the contrary, every customer is the small businessman's boss. The employer today must tolerate the interruptions by government investigators asking for information and records, and union officials may also take up a great deal of his time.

Getting along with people is essential to success. Independent operators are frequently the most ac-

tive members of civic organizations such as Rotary and Kiwanis. They realize that boosting the local community and making friends with competitors and neighbors is sound public relations.

Check one: (a) Getting along with people is not my strong point. () (b) I have no difficulty in making friends with all kinds of people. ()

7. *Willingness to take a risk.* You may not plan to invest your entire savings in your business, but in a crisis you must choose between abandoning it or throwing everything you own into one desperate effort to avert disaster.

During the war, Sorenson gave up a dependable job with a gas company to establish his own radio shop. Although at the time practically no new sets were being made for civilian use, he hoped to build up a reputation for repair work and, when the war ended, obtain exclusive franchises in his area from the big manufacturers.

When sets became plentiful again, however, manufacturers offered them to larger outlets in the area. Although he spent everything he had to avert disaster, Sorenson was finally forced to sell out. He now works in the radio section of a neighborhood department store. Check one: (a) I am cautious by temperament and hesitate to take a risk. () (b) The opportunity before me looks so promising that I'm prepared for an all-or-nothing

gamble; I'll take what comes. ()

8. Access to Competent Help.

Unless you're the rare exception, you can't succeed alone. A poll of the country's farmers several years ago revealed that they considered a good wife the most important property on the farm. The same applies to any small business. A man's wife helps him behind the counter in the grocery store and keeps all the books.

However, when business starts growing, he will have to face the problem of finding competent help on the outside, and the even more difficult task of keeping them satisfied and interested in their work.

Check one: (a) I'm a lone oper-

ator and haven't thought of finding others to help me. () (b) I know where I can find trained help who will work for a salary I can afford to pay. ()

To score yourself, allow one point for each (b) item you check. If you make a score of eight, odds of success are highly in your favor. Depending on the nature of your new venture and the extent to which unusual strength in certain qualities compensates for weakness in others, a score of six or seven may enable you to make the grade. If you score below six, you realize your limitations. With further experience and preparation, you may qualify at a later date.

Holy Cell

THE police of the central district's "holdover," one of the busiest jails in St. Louis, Mo., do not know who he was, where he came from, where he went, or what has happened to him. All they know is that a man was "picked up" one day, on some long-forgotten charge, and that after he was released, they found on the rough concrete wall of his cell a large drawing of the Crucifixion.

That was 20 years ago. The cell has never been used since then. The lights have been left burning continuously, day and night, and the picture has been covered with a protective plate of glass. Many thousands of persons from all over the U. S. have made pilgrimages to what the St. Louis police call the "Holy Cell."

Nobody has been able to find out what were the exact materials used to make the red, black and gray sketch. Many guesses have been hazarded, of course. One legend has it that the painting was performed with a lipstick and a lead pencil, with the unknown artist using his thumb to produce the intermediate effects.

Joseph C. Stacey.

The Man Who Grows Pearls

*Only X ray betrays the intervention
of the oyster doctors*

Condensed from the *Light**

PEARLS have been treasured since the first man to find one gazed on its beauty. The pearl is the only gem found in the water. It is born of an oyster's distress; a grain of sand becomes embedded in the flesh of the mollusk. To rid itself of the irritation, the oyster coats the sand grain with layer upon layer of a secretion, nacre. The final result is a pearl.

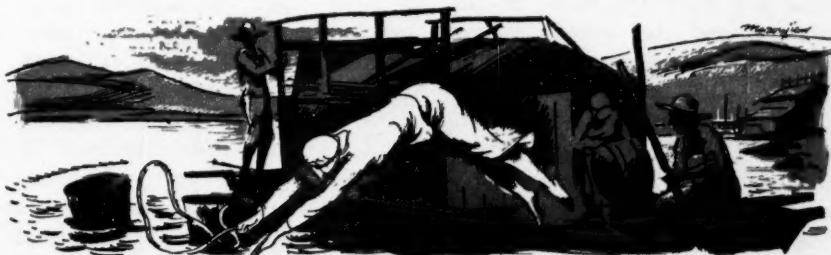
Kokichi Mikimoto, a Japanese, saw a pearl exhibit one day in 1890. He studied the process of how a pearl is developed and decided that man could do what nature does. He would introduce a tiny bit of shell into an oyster. The bivalve, being irritated, would set up its defense, and layers of pearl would form.

The professors at the Imperial

university had thought about this, but the idea sounded too farfetched for practical men. But Mikimoto, under guidance of a Dr. Matsurki, made it a reality. In his first experiment, he planted irritants in 10,000 oysters. The first two years, nothing at all happened. He earned for himself the appellation of maniac, but he continued undaunted.

On July 11, 1893, his crop yielded five iridescent pearls. He patented his process, and set out to sea-farm on a large scale. He first chose Ago bay, where the sea is calm and shallow. Later, however, he found an unoccupied island, Tatoku.

In 1905, he had a million pearl oysters in carefully nurtured beds. He had learned the secret that the irritants must be placed among the cells of the "mantle" of the



*S.V.D. Catholic Universities, 316 N. Michigan, Chicago. Copyright 1953 by The Light Magazine, and reprinted with permission.

oyster. These cells are the source of nacre secretion. His oysters began to develop the perfect pearls that he had dreamed about.

Success brought Mikimoto acclaim as Pearl King of the world, and he has retained this title ever since. The war only interrupted pearl culture in Japan. Mikimoto's patent expired in 1921, and many of his employees have now become his competitors.

The crude process begun by Mikimoto has now become a delicate surgical operation performed on three-year-old oysters. Tiny spherical machine-made pellets are inserted in their tissues. Progress has been made in the operative measures; technicians even administer an anesthetic. Only about 10% of the oysters die during the operation.

The Imperial Pearl syndicate, with central offices in Chicago, imports 60% of the cultured pearls coming to the U. S. It also controls 90% of world production. Before the war there were perhaps 100 large pearl farms. Today, five leading companies are in control. Ago bay is now the center of the unique industry, and the world's largest farm is at Sasebo.

The culture oysters are suspended from rafts in thousands of wire baskets. Each basket holds about 100 baby pearl oysters of the *meleagrina martensia* variety. Other varieties are less adaptable to pearl culture.

The wooden rafts make it easy

to move the oysters if danger arises. Sudden cold spells are ruinous; heavy rains prevent an iridescent luster; and octopuses have an unusual appetite for pearl oysters.

The spat, or seed oysters, are nursed in cages for their first three years. They are given changes of diet as required for their growth.

At the age of three, they undergo their operations. After another three years, the pearl doctor, using surgical tweezers and scalpel, removes the glowing gems. But the pearl oyster is not edible, and its well-worn body is ground into fertilizer.

Pearls are sorted for color, size, luster and perfection. About 60% of the output results in what is termed a baroque or irregular shaped pearl, but the beauty of the remaining 40% compensates for all departures. Half pearls are called *mabe*. Other terms describing irregularities include blisters, slugs, peelers, and monsters.

The gems have five distinct colorings: white, silvery rosea, creamy rosea, rosea, and gold. Occasionally a shiny black one appears. Black pearls, the result of a rare oyster liver ailment, are collectors' items.

The pearls are graded and ready to be strung before final tests are made. Highly skilled persons assemble them on black velvet and roll a number of them at a time to get absolute matches. Well-matched color is sought above all.

Is there any difference between

natural and cultured pearls? Mikimoto created a storm in European markets when pearl buyers could not distinguish his creations from natural pearls. At first, his specimens were offered at about a quarter of the price of the natural pearl, and dealers were afraid of losing their investments in natural pearls.

French and British biologists made extensive tests. They found Mikimoto's pearls identical, of course, in substance, with Mother

Nature's. But a natural pearl has thousands of layers, a cultured pearl relatively few. Pearl laboratories depend upon X ray to count the layers.

Mikimoto opened a House of Pearls in the Ginza, in Tokyo, and it became a show place of the world. He built art pieces worth \$1/4 million entirely of pearls. He displayed them at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1933 and later in New York City.

It's All in the Family

Not infrequently in the annals of the Church, sainthood has been a !“family affair.” Ten pairs of saints, linked through family ties, are listed below. It's your job to select their proper relationship from the choices given at the right. A score of 7 to 10 is super; 4 to 7 is very good. If you can get 3, you're as good as the first ten persons we asked. Answers on page 65.

1. St. Monica and St. Augustine
a. husband and wife b. mother and son c. brother and sister
2. St. Bridget of Sweden and St. Catherine of Sweden
a. sisters b. aunt and niece c. mother and daughter
3. St. Cosmas and St. Damian
a. father and son b. cousins c. brothers
4. St. Mark and St. Barnabas
a. cousins b. uncle and nephew c. brothers
5. St. Benedict and St. Scholastica
a. mother and son b. brother and sister c. aunt and nephew
6. St. Basil the Great and St. Gregory of Nyssa
a. brothers b. cousins c. father and son
7. St. Clare and St. Agnes of Assisi
a. mother and daughter b. cousins c. sisters
8. St. Cecilia and St. Valerian
a. cousins b. husband and wife c. brother and sister
9. St. Elizabeth of Hungary and St. Hedwig
a. aunt and niece b. sisters c. mother and daughter
10. St. John the Evangelist and St. James the Greater
a. uncle and nephew b. brothers c. cousins

Letter from Africa

Ritual murders and Mau Mau violence will give way to education and self-government if the natives are given hope now

By JOHN J. CONSIDINE, M.M.

WHY are so many white persons surprised to find that when you prick an African he bleeds; that when you tickle him he laughs? Why are they amazed to learn that when you make a teacher of him he teaches; that when you make the head of a government out of him, as was done with Kwame Nkrumah of the Gold Coast, he proceeds to rule?

I suspect that part of the answer lies in the picture of the African that you get when you visit the harbor of Dakar. On the island is the House of Slaves. From that house departed the first slaves who were carried off to America. Millions of them left the continent, from both the east and west coasts, either to be subject to the Arabs of Asia or to the white men of our hemisphere. The last cruel wrong to this race is to regard them as having

few human gifts—simply because they have suffered so grossly from the white man's inhumanity.

I visited a tranquil mission station in the hills above the shore of Lake Victoria in Tanganyika a few weeks ago. There I talked with Bishop Huwiler, an old patriarch of the White Fathers, aged 86 years. In 1888, he heard with his own ears the ringing antislavery appeal made by Cardinal Lavigerie to Pope Leo XIII. That was the historic audience that launched the world crusade to abolish slavery in Africa. In 1897 Bishop Huwiler was one of 14 White Fathers who with 14 porters set out in caravan from the East African coast and 65 days later reached Lake Victoria. They were among the first messengers of civilization to Central Africa. The same tribes that the grand old bishop helped train will be



granted self-government by Great Britain and will constitute a modern state, perhaps in another 25 years.

Why are Americans surprised to hear that Africans in many parts of the continent will soon be members of an electorate in self-governing nations? Frankly, because so many circumstances of life on the African continent still continue to point to the elemental primitiveness of many Africans.

While I visited the Canadian Oblates in their flourishing mission in Basutoland, one of them pointed to a pass in the mountains. It was the scene of the latest in a continuing series of ritual murders. Basuto pagan tradition requires that a new village get off to a good start by the ritual shedding of blood from a living human being. In the case in point a petty chief called a man to him who discovered too late the chief's evil intent.

"Take my ox, take my wife, take my children," he pleaded in mortal fear, "but let me live."

"I don't need your ox, I need you," replied the chief coldly.

A crowd of women gathered about and kept up a hideous shouting. Their uproar drowned out the horrible shrieks of the victim as the carving of his living body went on. The shrieks ended only when his throat was cut. The chief was eventually brought to justice.

"But there will be more such cases," observed the padre. "The

practice is by no means at an end."

The less vicious primeval ways of jungle and savannah are in many instances still followed by Christian converts as well as by pagans. Missioners are wise enough to aid their people in their desire for change but not to force change on them as a requisite of Christian faith. Among the Dagari people in the Upper Volta region of French West Africa it is not uncommon to see a ten-year-old boy approach the Communion rail in the nude. His mother will wrap a shawl about her nude body at the door of the church before entering. While with the Maryknollers among the Bangorini people in the Musoma mission in Tanganyika I saw bows and quivers of arrows still used for bringing down game.

But backward peoples such as these are no more typical of all Africa than hillbillies are of the U. S. One morning I walked the shaded avenues of the University College of Achimota in the Gold Coast. I spoke with blue-gowned young men and young women as they came from their classes. "I find my students here as intelligent as the university students I taught in the U. S.," remarked Father Koster of the American Divine Word Fathers, professor of physics at Achimota. Later, at Makerere, the university college of British East Africa, a similar campus scene unfolded. I asked Mr. Beachey, a

Canadian professor of history, what he thought of his students.

"There is something very fine about them," he replied, "which makes me like them very much. They work under enormous handicaps, for they have no background in history study. But with two or three generations of university work they are going to be the equal of students anywhere else in the world."

Similar universities that train Africans are now found at Ibadan in Nigeria, at Khartoum, and in South Africa. Near Leopoldville in the Belgian Congo I saw the beginnings of Lovanium, a Jesuit project to develop a university college linked with that of Louvain. At Roma in Basutoland I visited Pius XII university, which some day will duplicate the Catholic University of Ottawa in South Africa.

These are the highest developments to date in a steadily growing educational system. At the moment it is struggling for the most part in the lower strata, seeking to provide the bare bones of literacy. But it is confidently eyeing the day when soundly educated Africans will be on a par with educated Westerners.

Primary education in Africa is already well along. In France, 11% of the population is in primary schools, in Belgium 9%, in England 8%. Out in Africa, 9% of Northern Rhodesia's population is in primary schools, 7% of that of

the Belgian Congo (almost all in Catholic institutions), 3% of Uganda's, 2% of Tanganyika's.

And principally from these schools has come the Pan-African clamor that stirs the continent today. Africa shouts as it marches into the second half of the 20th century.

"No matter what the topic with which we begin our conversations these days," remarked a British administrator to me, "within 15 minutes we have veered to what we call 'the problem,' otherwise known as the call for self-government."

Four European governments and the Union of South Africa control all Africa south of the Sahara except Ethiopia and Liberia. They are Great Britain, France, Belgium, and Portugal. The social and economic ideas taught in their schools account for Africa's urge to be free. A few colonial officers still pretend to ignore the urge but most informed folk admit that it is the biggest thing in Africa.

"Coloring all our long-term planning in our mission work," explains a Catholic bishop, "is the political problem. It definitely points toward self-government for much of Africa very shortly. Great Britain seems to be disposed to grant independence most quickly. She desires to shake off the stigma of imperialism. She must lighten her economic burden. She wishes to substitute for colonial rule a series of treaties guaranteeing friendly re-

lations and international commerce.

"France in her political thinking tends to put emphasis on human rights. There is less distance between black and white in her social institutions. France offers the African equal citizenship with the Frenchman and hopes thus to maintain her ties with Africa.

"Portugal has achieved the greatest racial freedom for the African, though politically, socially, and economically her colonies are backward. The interracial spirit in the Portuguese colonies is called the friendliest in all Africa. There is no strong call for independence, since African leadership is not developed.

"Belgium has its richest economic eggs in the Congo basket and has no plans to relinquish its political hold. While its government has been called paternalistic, the African of the Congo is getting a solid formation which in the end will place him high among the peoples of the continent."

But the bishop's calm appraisal does not reflect the welter of controversy. "For many African politicos," remarked a college professor in West Africa, "nothing else seems to count but the attainment of the largest possible freedom in the shortest possible time, regardless of consequences."

Many who feel that victory goes to the bold were encouraged by the experience of Kwame Nkrumah, now prime minister in the Gold

Coast government. As a fire-spitting radical, and for a time as an avowed communist, he advocated violence. He was doing a term in jail when he was chosen by popular vote to head the Gold Coast government. But since coming to power Nkrumah has shown remarkable prudence and excellent political sense. Africans everywhere feel that if the Gold Coast experiment in self-government succeeds, they have an example that they can copy in every part of the continent.

"The Gold Coast government will make good, is now making good," said a thoughtful Englishman in Accra. "Its weak points are mere details; the pattern for Africa is a march toward African peoples governing themselves. That it need be strictly democratic is difficult to say; indeed, there are so many spheres in life in which we do not admit the strictly democratic."

Nkrumah was brought up a Catholic but fell away. When he was in prison, an American priest visited him regularly and brought him reading matter. He is not a practicing Catholic today; he throws the pagan juju man and the Catholic priest into the same pot.

EQUALLY in the African eye is the Mau Mau terrorism in Kenya colony. Both in far-off Dakar, and in the back country of South Africa, natives put the question to me, "Father, what about the Mau Mau; will they drive the white man

away?" To the African, the main question in every such movement is its final effect on his freedom.

"The Mau Mau has resorted to unprincipled violence," explained a Catholic gentleman in Nairobi, "and it would be unfortunate if its followers or any others in Africa were led to believe that violence pays. Nevertheless, the Kikuyu have a just grievance, and the wrongs done them in the matter of their lands and their economy must be righted. Regardless of what the precise outcome of the revolt may be, the old order has passed with this cry of fury from an oppressed tribe."

An unusual angle on the Kikuyu was given me by the mother prioress of the Carmelite convent in Nairobi. "We receive many petitions for prayers from Kikuyu Catholics," she explained, "and they show a good sense of gratitude. There is a certain sensitiveness and beauty in their spiritual outlook. A woman asked a near-by Kikuyu gardener who sends flowers to our chapel what he was doing. 'I am growing flowers for the Mother of God,' he answered quite simply."

Far from the African struggle as we are, we are likely to miss the point of view of the African leaders who contend with the Europeans. Last autumn at Strasburg, Leopold Senghor (African deputy from Senegal, and another fallen-away Catholic) made the declaration, "Africa has a mystical faith

in equality by cooperation. If you of Europe fail to cooperate and we leaders of Africa fail to protest because you do not, 20 years from now our younger generation will accuse us of having betrayed them."

It is the younger generation, as always, that presses for change. In the Belgian Congo there is relatively little talk of throwing off the yoke. The Belgians have given their Africans about the best economic status to be found on the continent. There I invited a group of teen-age students to express their views. I was quite embarrassed by the questions they asked.

"Why," asked one, "cannot we study to be full-fledged doctors like young men in other lands?"

"Why are we barred from all the worth-while administrative posts in the government?"

"Why, when we take the identical job filled by Europeans, are we paid only 30% of the salary the European gets, though we have the same cost-of-living problems?"

"What is the position of the blacks in the U.S.?"

"Are black lawyers forced to serve only black clients in the U.S.?"

"Can a black man hire a white man to work for him in the U.S.?"

Later I told a Belgian gentleman of my experience with those boys. I explained that I felt dreadfully sorry for them, since they sounded like caged animals with no great hope of breaking free.

"Yes, and more's the pity," answered the Belgian, "because in point of fact the better Belgians are working to give these intelligent young people hope in the future. But up to the present they have made the mistake of not telling the Africans that they have great reason for hope. Hope is a big word for those who guide Africa today. If we do not give the African hope we make of him a desperate man; such a man acts without reason."

Among the Portuguese there is plenty of warmth of feeling toward the African but a certain amount of wishful thinking on the subject of the *status quo*. While in Luanda, the beautiful capital of Portuguese Angola, I ran across a typical statement by Cardoso in a book, *Angola Your Neighbor*. "The practical result of our assimilation policy," writes Cardoso, "is that the educated natives of the colony consider themselves truly Portuguese; nor do they aspire to any other nationality. This is certainly wishful thinking."

THE head-on tactics of the Malan government in South Africa have alienated the world. It has become the vogue to think no good of the white South African as regards his treatment of the native. But even Malan favors doing a great deal for the native. In a city like Port Elizabeth, the new native hospital just opened cost £1 million. Outlays for other institutions are heavy.

But the crass denial of basic rights is the gravest phase of the phenomenon of South Africa. "It is startling," said a South African Anglican minister, "that such a large portion of the population has hardened its heart to the injustice the Malan government planned against the blacks."

Categoric refusal to give the black a shred of hope has led to South Africa's scenes of violence, such as the East London riot which resulted in the ugly butchering of Sister Aidan, the Irish Dominican.

Sister Aidan had made a distinguished name at Witwatersrand university and for years was a surgeon in a Johannesburg hospital. Then for four years she handled up to 90 cases a day in the crowded native location of East London, with time out only for meals. On the day of the riot last year, guards warned her as she drove in with her little car, but she only made the confident response, "Oh, they all know me."

But in their fury they were beyond knowing anyone. Someone cried, "There's a white woman, let's kill her." One fellow broke the windshield, struck Sister on the head, dragged her from the car, and cut deeply into her body with his great knife. In the wild orgy, pieces were cut from her flesh; a 16-year-old girl was found with such a piece. She planned on eating it to absorb Sister's spirit, according to the old pagan custom.

The car and the body were set afame, but when the remains were recovered Sister's pearl rosary was found still wound about the bones of her fingers.

During my days in South Africa feeling still ran high. One Sunday afternoon, while I was out with Bishop Boyle of Port Elizabeth, a crowd of 1,000 demonstrators crossed the main highway and held up His Excellency's car and many others. "Six months ago," remarked the bishop, "it would have been unthinkable for natives to hold up white traffic on a main highway in this fashion." At Bloemfontein, Father Hegenbart, chaplain among the 90,000 in that city's location, drove me through his "parish." He explained that recently, when tension mounted, a native Sister who helped him was ordered home by the guards for safety's sake. For him and all his missionary confreres, however, life proceeds quite normally. Father Hegenbart is erecting a beautiful church in the Bloemfontein location, gift of a domestic servant in the U.S.

WHILE men stand frustrated before the seemingly unsolvable problem of South Africa, God's mercy goes on. I went one morning to the clinic of the Little Company of Mary near the Port Elizabeth location and saw Sister Celestine at work. She spoke of her house-to-house visitation among the Africans.

"I am forever being surprised anew," she remarked, "at the spiritual beauty one discovers among the wretchedness. God has given some great gifts of soul to our natives in South Africa."

One of my finest hours in South Africa was my conversation with a Catholic mining engineer in Johannesburg who has spent his life among the natives.

"Father," remarked the engineer, "years ago I memorized a text from Pope Leo XIII that I think we should all apply to the African. It goes like this, 'No one may with impunity outrage that human dignity which God Himself treats with such great reverence.'

"There's a code among many of the blacks, Father. If I were to be in an accident in a mine I would hope to have blacks there with me; they would help me. They stand by those with whom they work in remarkable fashion. No question of color; rather a sense of unity with companions in trouble. When hauled out in disaster they are the first to volunteer to go back to find their co-workers. 'We know the way,' I've heard them say without any open display of bravery."

What will be the effect on the Catholic Church of this movement toward greater control of Africa by the African?

One of the few remaining European officers in top posts in the Gold Coast is a staunch Irish Catholic named Patrick Brannigan, still

attorney general among African confreres. With Father Erb of the Divine Word Fathers, I spent an evening with him in Accra. After hours of discussion he observed, "I've spent a great deal of my life among the Africans. I don't think the Catholic Church has anything to fear if the people among whom it has worked so long and ably eventually come into their own in many parts of Africa."

Afrique Nouvelle, the live-wire Catholic weekly in French West Africa, expresses it this way. "We do not forget that the majority of Africans are profoundly religious. Animists, Moslems, Christians form our great mass. All have faith in a better world, and practice a morality. We shall keep these beliefs and these principles in mind as we face the problems of our family life, our social life, and our civil life."

True, secularism and atheism are gaining in Africa. But they did not come from the African. When a boy from Bukoba returned home from Makerere University college his missionary pastor asked him if he was keeping up his religious duties. "Yes," the boy replied, "but it is difficult. One of our professors from England keeps repeating to us in class that there is no God, that God is an idea brought by the missionaries."

Moslemism will remain if the European goes but the greatest friend of Moslemism in Africa has been the French government. Prot-

Catholic Africa

Approximately 14 million people of Africa's 197 million population are Catholic. Among the major countries, Basutoland leads the list with a Catholic population of 32%. Uganda and the Belgian Congo are 25% Catholic. Others: Angola, 19%; Northern Rhodesia and Togoland, both 15%; Tanganyika, 10%; Union of South Africa, 9%; Gold Coast and Kenya, both 7%; Southern Rhodesia and Mozambique, both 4%.

CSMC Mission Map.

estantism will remain, but there have been scandalizingly bitter feuds between the Christian groups in Africa. Perhaps the Africans themselves will discover a more irenic approach for reducing the harm done by our crazy-quilt divisions. Communism threatens, but its most powerful weapon in Africa today is its charge of imperialism against the West.

WHEN the story of the Africanization of Africa is written, high place will be given to the Holy See. There was a time when men thought that the colonial regime would go on forever. But the Popes of Rome were even then pressing the missionaries in Africa to train a native clergy and inculcate a sense of responsibility so that the best could be bishops.

While in Uganda I was a guest of Bishop Kiwanuka of Masaka, the dean in years among the African-born bishops. In Ruanda I visited Bishop Bigirumwami, whose fortress-like mission center looks out dramatically over Lake Kivu. In Tanganyika I was a guest of Bishop Rugambwa, and in Basutoland I met Bishop Mabathoana.

I recall particularly my stay with Bishop Rugambwa. He is tall and slender, with beautifully supple hands, from a family of chiefs and with the easy bearing of one familiar with authority. When his ordinarily sober mien breaks into a smile it is warm and engaging. He has an artistic strain in him; the flowers in the mission garden are his, grown by his own hands. But more important is his apostolic strain. He waxed enthusiastic as he spoke of his people.

"They must understand all that their religion means," he said warmly. "Even if they are poor and have

little, if they understand their religion and appreciate it and support it according as they can, then we have the Catholics we want."

After the strongly African evening meal we chatted a while in the light of the lamp. Then one of the priests took the lamp, and the group of African clergy and I, the lone outsider, strode across the courtyard to his cathedral reciting the *Miserere*. Kneeling in the sanctuary, we had night prayers by lamp-light, our voices echoing through the empty church. There was a crude solemnity to the little ceremony, an atmosphere much as probably marked the pioneer days of centuries ago when the monks of the West built the faith in Northern Europe. These are pioneer days, too, a dawning era when Africa's society of peoples looks forward to a fullness of life on its own. We want this life to be blessed with the presence of many African bishops.

I think we can

AVOID WAR if:

We discard some of our old sayings or slogans such as "religion and politics should never be discussed" and substitute *calm* discussion by way of education and enlightenment, using the funds that are at present spent for destruction. God created

each of us fully equipped for all the battles of life, but He did not intend us to use His gifts, brains, hearts, hands, to build factories to manufacture munitions to kill each other, or just to make a lot of money which we can't take with us.

Mary Agnes Livernois

[For similar contributions of about 100 words, filling out the thought after the words, I think we can avoid war if, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts will not be returned.—Ed.]

Little Mo's World of Tennis

*The teachers had difficulty planning a school schedule
for tennis champion Maureen Connolly*

By RALPH TREMBLEY

THE FACULTY at San Diego College for Women had a vocational guidance problem this spring. World-tennis-champion Maureen Connolly had enrolled for courses in journalism and speech in the handsome hilltop college newly opened in San Diego by the Society of the Sacred Heart.

At 18 she had no more goals to conquer. She had chosen tennis as an 11-year-old. Forest Hills, Wimbledon, and all the honors of Australia were behind her seven years later. But in mid-April she would have to leave on a "grand tour" of tennis, including the Italian championships at Rome, the French Nationals in Paris, the All-England climax at Wimbledon, and a second defense of the American title she has held since 1951.

Such a projected trip (of which a major plan was a hoped-for audience with the Pope) might have



been a college freshman's dream were it not for her reputation of being invincible. The public would expect championship performance all the time, and every rival would be pointing for an upset. There wouldn't be much time for her new hobby of color photography, none at all to relax.

When this was over, San Diego's beloved Little Mo could hope for a brief time to resume her interrupted studies. She planned also to renew the twice-weekly newspaper column she writes for the *San Diego Union*. The care and riding of Colonel Mayberry, the strawberry walking horse that the people of San Diego gave her on her last triumphant return from Europe, was high in her plans.

But when Maureen comes back to San Diego College for Women there will still be vocational complications. For one thing, pub-

lic demand and financial common sense will make it difficult to postpone a professional tennis tour much longer. Even a short jaunt confined to this continent would keep her out of classes another year. She would be traveling, conditioning, and playing, and lucky if she could find time to open a book.

The few pleasant months a year she spends at home in San Diego are interrupted by demands for personal appearances. Maureen feels about her friends and home town the same as she always did, so that she finds it hard to refuse. The result is often chaotic, always devastating to homework and study.

Yet this bright-eyed teen-ager is gradually realigning her sights to new goals in life, and her ability to accomplish what she sets out to do is common knowledge. There were two principal plans for her future when Maureen Connolly attended classes this spring, and they encompassed both career and marriage. She wants to continue in journalism, writing columns and reporting. And she wants to have a family of her own some day. The modesty of these ambitions are characteristic of Little Mo.

She left a fabulous amount of tennis enthusiasm behind her in San Diego's Catholic schools. Mau-

reen feels gratitude for the help and spiritual guidance given her through school, Church, and the Catholic community. "Be certain to tell how indebted I am to Mother Mary Adrian and to Bishop Buddy," she implored me, referring to the mother superior of Cathedral high school, from which she was graduated, and to the Bishop of San Diego diocese, a long-time friend.

The most tangible proof of Catholic San Diego's pride in Maureen, however, is in the present status of tennis. Nearly half the 250-player entry in the famous Ink Interscholastic tournament this spring came from Catholic schools. And it's a familiar sight at nearly any municipal court to see the priests from St. Augustine Boys' High school or St. Patrick's church (Maureen's parish), playing tennis with the youngsters or directing a junior tennis clinic.

Whatever the future holds for one who has achieved a life ambition before reaching 18, she knows that her example can be a constant inspiration to young people for years to come.

And if the teachers at her college despaired at charting a four-year course for a freshman with such a complicated life, it is doubtful if any of them were profoundly disturbed.



POLITICS is the art of getting money from the rich and votes from the poor under the pretext of protecting both from each other. *Familial Digest* (Oct. '52).

Fighter on the Docks

*He believes that Christ is crucified
in other places than Calvary*

By BUDD SCHULBERG

Condensed from the *Commonweal**



A TALL, intense, youthfully balding New York Irishman wearing a Jesuit priest's cassock aroused the curiosity of millions of TV and radio fans of Dave Garroway and Tex and Jinx, whose programs last winter touched on water-front labor problems.

"Is he real," a friend of mine asked after having seen Father Corridan on the Garroway show, "or is he a young Pat O'Brien made up as a priest for a movie part?"

I laughed, but sympathetically, for I had had a similar reaction three years earlier. Doing some research for a movie, I had asked some newspapermen how I could get the feel of the water front as it really is. Their startling answer was: "Go down and see Father John Corridan, the water-front priest. He's been on top of it for years."

Next day I was having lunch at Billy the Oysterman's with this chain-smoking, ruddy-complexioned man in his early 40's. He looked fit enough to swing a hook with

the best of them but he was too full of his subject to do much eating. It seemed to me the most unusual talk I had ever heard. It combined the gritty language of the dock workers with mob lingo, the facts and figures of a trained economist, and the teachings of Christ.

For the last six years, as assistant director of the Xavier Labor school, Father Corridan has put in as many as 18 and 20 hours a day studying the water-front problem.

Call off a pier on either side of the river and Father Corridan can tell you who controls it; he's got the name and number of the hiring boss, the boss loader, and the treasurer of the local who never bothered to keep books. He has traced their political connections. For years there was a general hush-hush policy regarding the fabulous "Mr. Big," William J. McCormack, who parlayed a horse-and-wagon into a \$100-million water-front empire. Father Corridan, all this time, has been studying the connections between McCormack and such un-

*386 4th Ave., New York City 16. April 3, 1953. Copyright 1953 by the *Commonweal* Publishing Co., Inc., and reprinted with permission.

savory characters as strong-arm specialist Albert Ackalitis and the notorious gunman Linky Mitchell.

Father Corridan is full of the nervous intensity of the water front he serves. He understands, and hopes by this understanding eventually to correct, the brutal and desperate measures used by hunters and hunted alike in the industrial jungle of New York harbor. "What I try to do—what all the waterfront priests try to do—is to help 'em learn how to defend themselves, how to bargain for themselves, in a lawful, intelligent way. What they need down here, if we're ever to see this mess cleaned up, is their own strong, honest organization. That way they won't get pushed around by the union racketeers, the shipping companies, or the commies."

That's the key to the unique labor class Father Corridan conducts at the Xavier Labor school in the Chelsea area. Men come in off the docks in their work clothes, their faces still grimy. Because the Jesuit is known for his fearless stand against mob rule on the docks, the bully boys who have muscled in on so many locals frown on his classes. "Sometimes our men have to slip in the back way after dark," says Father Corridan.

Father Corridan doesn't talk religion to the longshoremen who slip into Xavier to plan their resistance to open crime and union corruption. "It's straight bread 'n' but-

ter, dollars 'n' cents," he says. "I try to pick the men who are natural leaders and who have the guts to talk up for honest trade unionism on the docks. I try to put them wise to the stuff they ought to know."

It was Corridan, for instance, who enlightened the men as to their rightful claim to some \$10 million in unpaid overtime under Article 7B1 of the Wage-Hour law. He wrote a letter to every senator and to all the key representatives, explaining in detail the legal and moral justification for the longshoremen's case. At the same time, he urged a thorough investigation of the chronic infection that has paralyzed the greatest harbor in the world.

The only way that the priest touches on religion directly in his labor class is to ask his students what they consider the basis of economics. Invariably, they name money, bread, profit, or labor supply. And invariably Corridan's answer is, "Man."

"Only man is capable of knowing and loving," he says. "In other words, I teach 'em the dignity of man." The Christian strictures against man's inhumanity to man are brought up to date in the Popes' encyclicals on social justice, and Father Corridan always has this in the back of his mind. "But," he says, "we don't want to bog 'em down with a lot of theories, religious or otherwise. These are men with a problem—how to live like

human beings—and they're looking for help in how to solve it. They want practical stuff, not a lot of heavy water."

Christianity, for him, is not merely abstract dogma but a living force. The most cynical agnostic could not help but feel the presence and power of Christ when Father Corridan describes the inhuman conditions he has seen on the water front.

"I figured out, on a basis of yearly income and man-hours, that there is about enough work to support 17,000 longshoremen and their families," he says.

"There are more than twice that many shaping-up. The uncertainty, the humiliation of having to stand there and beg with your eyes for work twice a day while ex-cons look you over like you were so much meat—no wonder the men who get passed over at the morning shape wait for the bars to open and see how many belts they can get into 'em before they shape-up again at noon."

One of the few times he revealed the spiritual passion behind his interest in human welfare on the water front was in a sermon on the docks. He said, "I suppose some people would smirk at the thought of Christ in the shape-up. It is about as absurd as the fact that He carried carpenter's tools in His hands and earned His bread by the sweat of His brow. As absurd as the fact that Christ re-

deemed all men irrespective of their race, color, or station in life.

"It can be absurd only to those of whom Christ has said, 'Having eyes, they see not; and having ears, they hear not.' Because they don't want to see or hear.

"Christ stands in the shape-up knowing that all won't get work and maybe He won't. What does Christ think of the efficiency argument of the shape-up? Some people think that the crucifixion took place only on Calvary.

"Christ works on a pier and His back aches because there are a fair number of the 'boys' on the pier. They don't work, but have their rackets at which so many wink. What does Christ think of the man who picks up a longshoreman's brass check and takes 20% interest at the end of the week?

"Christ goes to a union meeting. Sees how a meeting is run. Sees how few go. Sees how many don't speak. Sees a certain restraint. At some meetings He sees a few with \$150 suits and diamond rings on their fingers, drawing a couple of expense accounts. Christ walks into a tenement and talks with the wife of a longshoreman. Her heart is heavy."

Corridan didn't learn about gnawing poverty out of any book. His father, an immigrant from County Kerry, died when John was nine, leaving his mother Hannah to raise five boys. "My old dad didn't leave any money; he

was an honest cop," the priest explains.

Mrs. Corridan worked as a cleaning woman, helped out by a small pension and Child Welfare. The boys learned how to handle themselves in the scrappy, competitive world of the hungry West Side. They had to hustle for every nickel in the incessant free-for-all of tenement life.

One Christmas there wasn't enough money in the house to buy any real presents for the Corridan boys. John didn't care so much for himself; he was now 11 and prematurely wise in the ways of the tenement. But he worried about his little three-year-old brother. He knew the tot had asked Santa Claus for a fire engine; he had been talking of nothing else for weeks.

John went to a toy store, a chain store, he recalls, for he had figured with a Robin Hood's logic that they could best afford to absorb the loss. He priced a beautiful red fire engine. Two dollars. He hid out until the store was closed, then sneaked up to the cash register and jimmied it in a way he had learned from the hoodlum element of the neighborhood.

"I looked at all that money," Father Corridan remembers. "I could have taken it all. But I just wanted that \$2."

Later John had the problem of telling the priest in confession. "That was a turning point in my

relations with the Church," Father Corridan says now. "Seeing how much that fire engine meant to my little brother and knowing what an empty Christmas it would have seemed if Santa had let him down, I made up my mind that if the priest really gave me hell I was through with the Church. So I went to confession that day with my knees trembling." The priest was understanding.

When he grew up to become a priest himself, he never forgot this incident. He does not condone dishonesty and disrespect for law. But he feels that his own brief adventure helps him to understand the desperate measures his parishioners can sometimes be driven to, especially when their families are made to suffer for reasons of greed and indifference.

Five years ago a group of rank-and-filers came to Xavier and said, "Father John, a strike is brewing on the water front, whether the official leadership knows it or not. The men want a welfare fund and a vacation clause. If we don't try to get it for 'em, the commies will try to make themselves the heroes."

Father Corridan's response wasn't to fly off the handle. First he sat down with an experienced insurance man and worked out a practical welfare plan on the Blue Cross model that could be operated for less than 4¢ an hour. Then he went down to Washington and managed to see Cyrus Ching, then head of

the National Mediation board. Corridan had carefully marshaled the facts and figures to prove his case.

Father Corridan's program fulfilled exactly the long-frustrated desires of the majority. His name became a by-word. When the conciliation service met to settle the strike, a copy of his article was placed before every negotiator. When the board approved both the welfare fund and vacations with pay, Father Corridan was widely credited with having won something for the men that they had been after for 25 years.

One of Father Corridan's staunch-

est disciples is a gnarled and battle-scarred veteran of 30 years on the mid-town docks who admits he would do anything the water-front priest asked him, even if it meant laying down his life in the cause of honest unionism. Twice he's been left to die with cargo hooks in him after standing up to the underworld goons who prey on the dockers.

This embattled old man said to me, "Sure the mob is tough, but Father John's tougher. One of these days he's gonna run 'em right into the river. That Father John, he really knows the score."



Cabin in the Sky

ON A transcontinental highway a man has eleven cabins lined up in a row, and he's a slicker if there ever was one. With the wizardry of the wide-open spaces, he can produce a cabin out of thin air. Twelve men drove up and each wanted a cabin to himself. With only eleven cabins, that didn't worry him a bit, but it's still bothering us. Here's the layout.



He went to two of the men and told them to wait in Cabin No. 1 until he got the rest of them settled. Then he put the third man in No. 2; the fourth in No. 3; the fifth in No. 4; the sixth in No. 5; the seventh in No. 6; the eighth in No. 7; the ninth in No. 8; the tenth in No. 9; the eleventh in No. 10. Going back to No. 1, he told one of the fellows, "Okay, you can have No. 11 now."

It's puzzlers like this which make us wonder how we ever got out of the 2nd grade.

A Meal for 3¢

*Multipurpose food for our brothers,
the world's poor*

By BOB SENSER



FOR SUPPER the other night I had a "3¢ meal." It's a porridge-like dish eaten by many thousands of people in Korea and other hunger-stricken areas of the world.

When I brought home a 4½-pound can of this food, enough for 36 "3¢ meals," my wife took one look at the powdery substance, and said, "No, thanks, I'll have steak." My bowl of the new food—it's called Multi-Purpose Food—tasted fairly good. But the next evening I gladly switched to a pork-chop supper.

Millions of people don't have this choice, because they don't have meat, eggs, milk, and other body-building protein foods available to them. In fact, two out of every three persons in the world are hungry almost all the time. They have to stretch the little food they do have. During a famine in India three years ago, many poor families added sawdust to their food.

In Korea recently, Msgr. George Carroll, National Catholic Welfare Conference representative, found

90,000 refugees eating grass seed and rotten sweet potatoes. He fed many of them meals of Multi-Purpose Food (MPF for short), and then wrote back to the U.S., "MPF is a godsend. We need more."

In Kyoto, Japan, where the Catholic Charities bureau has "adopted" 250 families, Father James F. Hyatt says, "Since these families are the poorest of the poor, they are all very sadly undernourished. Hence, such nourishing food as MPF, which can be mixed with their rice and vegetables, is a great boon."

Some food experts have called MPF the "wonder food," the answer to the world's food problem. Why?

Cooked in water for ten minutes, two ounces of dry MPF becomes an eight-ounce porridge. It provides 200 calories and the nutritional value of a quarter pound of beef, a baked potato, a dish of peas, and a glass of milk. But, eaten "straight," it is low on calories and tastes somewhat like a cereal.

It tastes better and gives more calories when it is mixed with

some other food. I have eaten it mixed with onion soup, scrambled eggs, spaghetti sauce, and meat loaf. In Mexico, families mix it with tortilla batter; in Germany, with potato-peeling soup; in India, with corn hash and meatless curries. It blends well with and gives nutritional oomph to the soups, stews, goulashes, doughs, and batters eaten in all countries.

MPF's cost is low. The nonprofit Meals for Millions foundation, distributors of MPF, uses this slogan in relief appeals: "3¢ buys a meal of MPF." This includes all the costs of manufacturing, packing, and putting it on a ship.

Since 1946 more than 2.8 million pounds of MPF, enough for 23 million meals, have gone from a small factory in southern California to all the world's hunger fronts. Through the foundation, the "3¢ meals" have been distributed on every continent by 130 American relief and religious agencies and by health departments of foreign governments.

All these meals have barely served as appetizers for the world's empty stomachs. Yet the discoverer of MPF, Dr. Henry Borsook of the California Institute of Technology, insists, "We have the tools and the technology to feed everyone in the world with our present resources." Like many other nutritionists, he points out that we need not look to meat, wheat, eggs, and similar foods to feed the world, but that we can develop new foods not now

used. That's why Dr. Borsook is not among the pessimists who say that the world is not big enough to feed its constantly growing population.

Dr. Borsook developed MPF as one example, only one, of what we can do if only we use wisely the resources and knowledge that God gave us. He undertook his quest ten years ago.

He had to find a food that met the following requirements, among others. It would have to be inexpensive but highly nutritious; compact, for easy shipment; yet bulky enough to satisfy hunger. It would have to keep in any climate without refrigeration. And it should not drain the supplies of customary foods.

Dr. Borsook turned to the soybean, a protein food that has served as "meat" in the Orient for thousands of years. (The Japanese gave Admiral Perry some soybean seeds in 1854.) Largely because of its bitter taste, the soybean never was accepted into the Western diet. Much of the U.S. soybean crop is fed to livestock. The rest is made into soybean oil, used in paints and lacquers and in some canned foods. After the oil is pressed from the beans, a soy cake is left over. This is ground into grits.

Soy grits form the principal ingredient of MPF, 92% of it. Thanks to a new high-temperature processing, the soybean taste is de-bittered. The soy grits are then for-

tified with other necessary minerals and vitamins, except vitamin C, which disappears in cooking.

After this new rich food was developed, the next question was how to bring it to the millions who need it. Clifford E. Clinton, Los Angeles restaurateur who financed research on MPF, asked the U.S. government to help. Officials gave him a cold shoulder.

As a result, Clinton and a few business associates organized the Meals for Millions foundation as a private agency to raise funds for MPF. When the Friendship Train rolled across the country in 1948, one of its boxcars carried a half million meals of MPF. Later three tons were sent to the Vatican to be distributed by the Pope to hungry children.

Reports came back from everywhere on MPF's wholesome effect on health. A mother superior in South India wrote that, after a violent cyclone had destroyed 25,000 homes and damaged ten of the Sisters' institutions, cholera broke out in the area. "But," she added, "our own orphans have been more resistant than before to the disease, and none of them succumbed, thanks to the Multi-Purpose food which is given to them regularly."

"Shipping MPF to famine areas should be a prelude to actual production of the food in that area," says the Meals for Millions foundation. "In many famine areas the main ingredients of MPF are al-

ready available or could be made available with some technical assistance."

Local production of food like MPF in famine areas is the long-range dream which still hasn't come true. Until more of the hungry can help themselves, America's opportunities for Christ-like charity are immense. This was emphasized recently by Bishop Raymond A. Lane, superior general of the Maryknoll Fathers.

After traveling some 350,000 miles around the world in recent years, Bishop Lane was asked what stood out most in his mind. He replied that it was the "great contrast" between the wealth of the U.S. and the poverty of most of the world.

"Americans should take very seriously the first two words of the Our Father," Bishop Lane said.

"We repeat this prayer glibly enough, but rarely realize its tremendous implications. The word *our* implies that we admit our membership in the human family, with its consequent responsibility.

ONLY one in every ten of the inhabitants of the earth has an annual income exceeding \$600, a recent UN survey reveals. Half the earth's population receives an income of less than \$100, and two-thirds live below the bare subsistence level. *Survey Bulletin.*

The word *Father* should make us conscious of the tremendous debt we owe the Father for allowing us to be born in the land of plenty.

"There is nothing which we could have done to merit this consideration. It is an accident of birth that made one of us an American and not a member of one of the less privileged groups which are perpetually underfed, improperly housed, insufficiently clothed, lacking medical attention and, of course, education."

Bishop Lane urged Catholic families to invite an "unseen starving guest to a 3¢ meal." He suggested that each family have a container near its dinner table and deposit 3¢ into it at every meal.

Some families have served MPF

meals to a group of friends at \$1 a head and have sent the profit to the Meals for Millions foundation. Unions are "adopting" workers of similar trades in famine countries.

You may wish to try MPF in your own home one of these days. But whether you do or not, it clearly offers the opportunity to follow the advice in the Mass of the first Saturday in Lent. "Spend thyself giving food to the hungry, relieving the afflicted: then shall light spring up for thee in the darkness . . . the Lord will give thee rest continually, fill thy soul with comfort."

[The address of Meals for Millions foundation is 648 So. Broadway, Dept. CD, Los Angeles 14, Calif.]



Next Month

The CATHOLIC DIGEST Survey of Religion in America will continue next month with two articles. "Do We Trust Each Other?" will analyze Americans' confidence in the behavior of members of other religions in business and government. "How Many Believe in the Blessed Trinity?" will show who believe in this central dogma of Christianity.



Answers to "It's All in the Family" on page 45

1. b. mother and son	6. a. brothers
2. c. mother and daughter	7. c. sisters
3. c. brothers	8. b. husband and wife
4. a. cousins	9. a. aunt and niece
5. b. brother and sister	10. b. brothers

Hobbies for Happiness

*Men will be boys, once they get the feel
of a model-railroad switch*

By MARIE BEYNON RAY

Condensed from "The Best Years of Your Life"

HOBBY SHOPS look like toy-shops to most people. But there's a difference. Toy-shops are for kids, the younger variety. But about 70% of the patrons of hobby shops are the older variety of kids, grownups.

When you enter a hobby shop for the first time, you may very well mutter, "My word, wasn't that Henry Fonda who just walked out?" (It was. His dressing room backstage is always filled with model planes of the control-line type, which he flies himself.) Or you may bump into "all-you-charming-people" Harry Richman, model-train addict. Or perhaps you fall into conversation with a man whom you later find out is Rochester of the Jack Benny program. His basement resounds ceaselessly with the clickety-clack of trains and the whizz and crash of racing cars. You may overhear a gentleman with a foreign accent telling a clerk of the "keeck" his guests get out of the 20 miles of miniature railroad he has set up on his hacienda. You learn later that he is the Mex-



ican consul in New York.

By this time you're beginning to get interested. Tentatively approaching a clerk, you mention casually that you had thought of buying the parts and plans for a small ship, a very small one.

The clerk obviously thinks that you've come to a very wise decision and are at the gateway to a new life. How sad it is, he says, that thousands of people waste their time on crossword puzzles; they might be doing something really constructive, like building a replica of *Old Ironsides*. If they can do a jig-saw puzzle they can build a ship from prefabricated parts and an instruction manual.

As a starter, he'd suggest a cutty-sark at \$3.75. From that, you could work up to kits selling for \$100: a Viking ship, Nelson's *Victory*, the *Normandie*, an aircraft carrier or submarine. Each one is perfect to the last tiny coil of rope or minute

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periscope. Anyone with a mercenary streak can even make money at this hobby. He might, for example, buy the kit for the frigate *Constitution* for around \$35 and sell the finished model for perhaps \$750.

The clerk shows you around, exposing you recklessly to every form of modelmaking. You arrive at the railroading section. The clerk tells you that the real fans, of course, make their own models but that you can have a lot of fun operating a tin-plate system. "Tin plate," the clerk patiently explains, means that the trains run on three tin-plated rails, one of which is electrified.

As your interest gradually matures, the clerk explains, you'll come to consider tin plate rather childish. You'll graduate from O-gauge models into "scale equipment," or H O gauge. H O is rolling stock which runs on two rails, the locomotives being powered by electricity or live steam. This enables the president of the railroad to use on his system every type of locomotive in the world. No mass-production manufacturer could possibly turn out, ready-made, the equipment these perfectionists demand. They build their own locomotives, exact copies of anything from the first steam engine (the *Rocket*, built in 1829) to the latest streamlined Diesel crack train.

In this small, exclusive world a man can become famous among

his fellows by some extraordinary and unique performance. He might make, as one genius did, a locomotive and tender no longer than a package of cigarettes, so perfect to the last invisible screw that it was valued at \$4,200. It took 1,500 hours to build this connoisseur's dream.

Most of the victims of the mechanical hobbies hover on the brink of sanity all their lives. Consider the man who spends all his waking hours making the smallest working model of a locomotive in the world: two inches long, perfect to the last detail of spoked driving wheels, operating headlight, and a motor the parts of which can be distinguished only with a microscope.

Naturally, the model railroader has his clubs, at least one in every large city. The New York Society of Model Engineers has its headquarters at the Lackawanna terminal in Hoboken, N. J. In 1947 the members started work on a half-acre railroad system. They estimated that it would take six years for track work alone, and ten years for scenery and signaling and control circuits. They would use 30,000 man-hours per year.

This project, an O-gauge, quarter-inch scale-model railroad system, is known as the Union Connecting railroad, or UCON. It is so named because equipment and rolling stock representing railroads from all parts of the world will operate over its tracks.

UCON will have 7,000 feet of track, over 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles, with heaven knows how many switches, sidings, control towers, and so on. The whole will be laid out through the scenery of the Delaware Water gap built to quarter-inch scale, with a mountain six feet high, lakes, and the Hudson river. The river will bear on its lordly breast several water-line models of Lackawanna ferry boats. The terminal building of the UCON is a perfect cardboard replica of the Lackawanna Railroad Passenger terminal in Hoboken, a mid-Rutherford B. Hayes structure of unbelievable hideousness. Reduced to this miniature size, it becomes a thing of delicate, filigreed beauty. It was constructed by a man 76 years old, who figured that it would take him three and a half years to complete it. It took just that.

This latest masterpiece of model engineering is on permanent exhibition in the society's clubrooms in the terminal. Once a year members put on a show which is a sort of preview of a railroad man's heaven. In greasy caps and overalls, they sit at the control towers. With whistles blowing, wheels clicking, signals flashing, switches switching, they maneuver their iron horses through tunnels and over bridges. They outrun storms, avert collisions, and bring their trains to destinations, screaming and snorting but absolutely on schedule.

One never knows when this dis-

ease may strike. A man sets out one day to buy his boy a Christmas present. With lackluster eyes he wanders through department after department, finally arriving at the choo-choo cars. His eye brightens. He falls into conversation with the salesman. He passes by quick and easy stages from a string of little cars pulled by hand to the latest streamlined model of a Diesel engine.

"Send it home," he says. "Christmas present for my boy."

"He'll be crazy about it. By the way, how old is he?"

"Well, actually, only six months, but they grow so fast these days."

He's got it. He'll never be the same again. In time he'll take over the entire basement, filling it with tunnels, grade crossings, control towers, and electric switches. He's in the clutches of a monomania which will surrender him only to the grave. From now on, his evenings will be spent at the local model railroad club.

Men come into a hobby shop, tired, harassed, scarcely knowing their own names. They may be stiff-faced bankers who have been giving orders all day, knotty-browed professors, tight-lipped clerks, businessmen twitching as if with St. Vitus's dance. In a little while, a veil drops from their faces. When they leave, carrying small packages under their arms, they look as they must have looked 30 or 40 years before.



The Bretons Observe a Pardon

When the Pardon occurs in Brittany, the villagers form a procession to honor their patron saint

WHEN the wind shifts toward the Atlantic, a tourist, strolling along the rocky coast of Brittany this month, probably will hear church bells pealing. The bells ring in the annual Pardon; for this is

the season of the Pardons in Brittany.

The word *Pardon* means the feast of the patron saint of the village church, an occasion when an indulgence is granted.



Members of the children's choir wear surplices ornamented with beautiful Breton lace.

When the Pardon occurs, each peasant, each fisherman, dons his best costume for this pilgrimage of devotion and piety.

The Pardon observance begins with confession the preceding evening. At 4 A.M. the villagers attend a special Mass, then form a procession outside the church. As the procession moves toward the outdoor shrine on the seacoast, the participants say the Rosary.

Traditionally, the procession includes all those whom the intercession of St. Anne has saved from danger. St. Anne, mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary, is the patroness of Brittany. Sailors carry wood fragments which helped them survive shipwrecks, and those rescued from fire bring the ladder which enabled them to escape death.

Bretons seek to gain a plenary indulgence on this special saint's feast by going to confession, receiving Holy Communion, and visiting the shrine to honor St. Anne or the village patron. They must also pray for the Pope's intention.

Because strong winds tug at the heavy tapestry banners, the men who hold them need all their strength to move ahead. Two statues invariably have a prominent place: that of St. Anne, and that of her daughter, the Blessed Virgin Mary.

In the position of honor at the end of the line, preceded by wisps of pungent incense smoke and protected by a richly brocaded canopy,

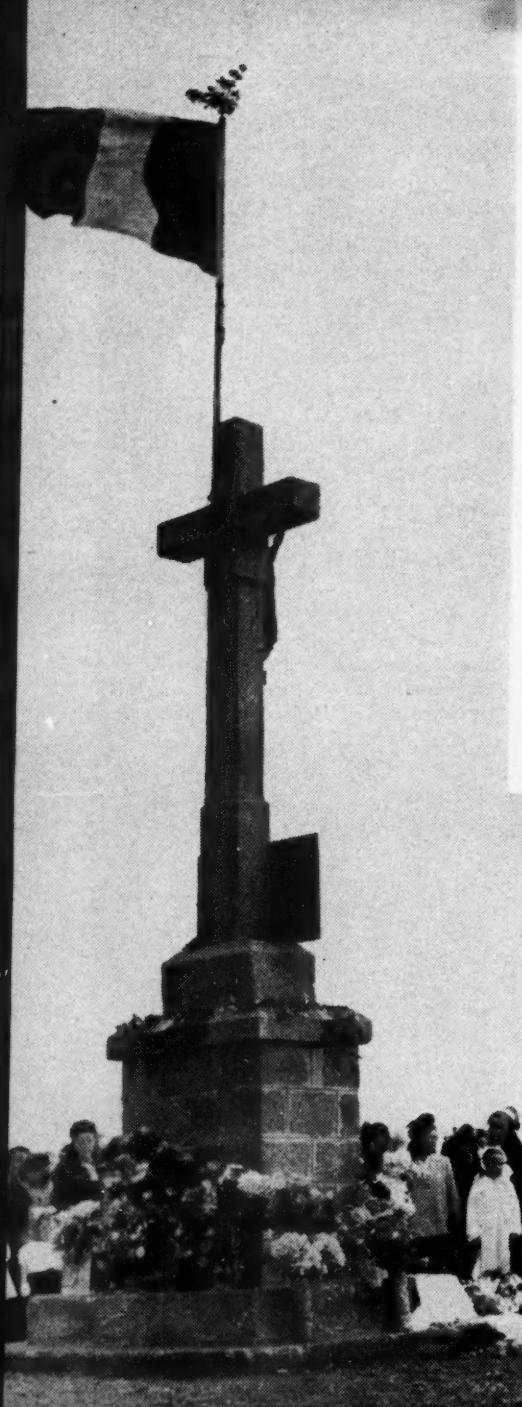
comes the priest bearing the Blessed Sacrament.

As the column curves through the grassy rolling fields, the village brass band plays ancient hymns and the marchers chant the words in Celtic. They usually pause at a *calvaire* (crucifix) on the seacoast, then wend their way back to the church.

In the coastal villages the Pardon observance ends at dusk, when the priest sets fire to a pile of old lobster cages, and flames leap up in the darkness, illuminating the faces of the villagers.

Villagers carry symbols of their occupations, such as the sardine boat on the banner. The boy wears a sheep hide to represent the district's animal husbandry.





An outdoor crucifix, decorated with the national flag, flowers, and paintings of boats, is the objective of the Pardon procession. Here the villagers pray for the Pope's intention; then wend their way back to the village church again.

Village girls, specially selected for the honor, carry the statue of the Virgin.

It's 3:30 p.m. by the church clock (far right) when the procession returns. The girls wear their Confirmation dresses.

Like most such processions, this one includes a miniature boat carried by boys in sailor costumes. The lad in the right foreground has a life preserver which symbolizes the rescue of local fishermen.



Black Star photos by Leonard Schugar





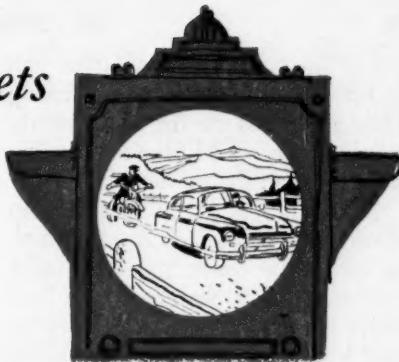
Traditional headdresses and modern hats bow as young and old attend the Pardon Mass.

Speed-Trap Rackets

Highway bandits didn't die out with the stage coaches

By WILLIAM A. LYDGATE

Condensed from *Today's Family**



SPEED LIMITS are necessary, but speed traps are not. Watch out for them when you do any highway driving.

Nearly half the states have traps to ensnare you. And unjustly fining unwary motorists has grown to a vicious racket. The racket will flourish particularly in small towns along a major highway. Costs of government are up; town fathers need new sources of revenue. You, the out-of-town motorist, are the goat.

One Southern town deliberately parks an empty school bus beside the highway, then ambushes out-of-town drivers who don't slow down to ten miles an hour.

Some towns establish their limits way out in the country. By the time you wake up to the fact that the speed limit isn't 50 mph any more, but only 25, the cop is already waving you over to the side of the road.

Anyone who's had experience with a speed trap knows what a maddening experience it can be.

You're almost never allowed to pay your fine by check (because you might stop payment). The trappers demand cash. If you're on a vacation budget the unexpected fine may be a serious problem. If you haven't enough cash, they may force you to wire home for the extra amount, and this means a considerable delay in your journey. One driver who complained to the AAA said that after paying his fine he had to drive home, a two-day trip, without meals or lodging. He needed all the money he had left for gasoline.

The AAA says that Georgia and Florida are high on the list of offending states. Complaints from the South reach a peak in February and March, when traffic is headed north after the Florida season. Southern constables seem to figure that when you're going south you're in a leisurely mood and might take the time to stop after an arrest and make trouble. But headed north you're in a hurry to

*295 Madison Ave., New York City 17. March, 1953. Copyright 1953 by Ideal Publishing Corp., and reprinted with permission.

get home and will fork over bail to keep moving. Ludowici is among Georgia towns on the main north-south route which have caused a flood of complaints to AAA.

Some Illinois towns specialize in a variation of the speed trap which is called the traffic trap. Stop-sign enforcement is very strict. If you don't come to a dead stop, they arrest you, and no mercy is shown to out-of-town drivers unfamiliar with this fact. The Chicago Motor club is actively fighting such abuses.

Fines can get very expensive. "We have cases where the drivers walked out of court minus as much as \$50 to \$75," the AAA told me.

The notorious "fee system" of law enforcement is what makes the speed trap so vicious a racket. Let's say a town fines you \$10 for speeding, plus court costs of \$7.50. The fine goes to the county or state. The court costs are often split between the justice of the peace and the officer who arrested you, \$5, say, for the judge, and \$2.50 for the cop. Both of these men have a monetary interest in finding you guilty. Even if you bother to show up in court your chances of getting a fair hearing are slight.

Sometimes the police officer collects the money from you right on the road. If you ask for a receipt, he's likely to go into a towering rage. A friend of mine asked for a receipt once.

"Oh, so you're that kind of guy, eh?" the cop said. "Listen, I'm

gonna take you to the judge. You better not ask him for a receipt or he'll fine you \$100 for contempt of court!"

Frightened, you hand over the money. You have no way of knowing what happens to it, because no record is available for inspection. Maybe the cop splits the money with the judge on the quiet; maybe he keeps it all.

Speed-trap towns often cagily arrange to hold court only once every few weeks, so that there will be little chance of out-of-town motorists returning to fight their cases. "Soak-the-stranger" law enforcement is what makes the speed trap outrageously unfair. Cars bearing local license plates drive on unmolested.

In some states you can't be arrested for speeding unless the officer has trailed you by car or motorcycle for a certain distance. In others, a stop-watch clocking of your speed over an eighth of a mile, a quarter of a mile or some other distance is enough. Two patrolmen sitting by the roadside do this. But some towns don't even require clocking: the unsupported word of the constable is enough. As long as that kind of evidence is acceptable in court, you're completely at the mercy of a policeman who merely sits in a parked car and guesses how fast you're going.

Neither the AAA nor anyone else is saying that towns have no right to set up speed limits and

enforce them. On the contrary, the AAA heartily endorses the uniform traffic code recommended by the President's Highway Safety conference. This would set a 25-mile speed limit in business or residential areas, but confine it to these areas alone.

Motorists object most to these five practices: 1. discourteous or abusive treatment; 2. inability to get a fair and immediate trial if from out-of-state; 3. unreasonable speed limits, such as extension of restricted zones far out into the country; 4. personal enrichment of the arresting officer or the judge; and 5. discrimination against out-of-state motorists who are arrested while local drivers going at the same speed are ignored.

Can you as a driver do anything to stop speed-trap abuses? Yes.

You can do some very effective things, all recommended by the AAA. Paste these rules in your hat the next time you go on a long trip.

1. If you're arrested in a speed trap, consult a telephone book to find out if the town has a newspaper and chamber of commerce. Drive around town and jot down the names of the leading department store, hotel, and bank.

2. As soon as you get home write a detailed letter stating time, place, and any other pertinent details to the Department of Public Relations, American Automobile association, Washington 6, D. C.

AAA will contact its affiliated

club in the area of the offending town. If the investigation confirms your claim that the place is a traffic trap, AAA through its clubs will warn its 3½ million members to avoid this town. This can be almost a deathblow to a town which depends on tourist trade.

3. Write a brief, but sharp letter to the governor of the state, telling him exactly what you think of the treatment you got in the city under his governorship. Send a carbon of this to the mayor of the town.

4. Write to the editor of the town's newspaper, giving him the details of your experience. Tell him that you will avoid his city in the future and will tell your friends to do likewise. The letter will be more effective if you address it to the editor by name. You can get his name from the Ayer newspaper directory at the public library or your local newspaper office.

5. Make copies of your letter to the editor. Send them to the bank, department store, chamber of commerce, service clubs, and other organizations.

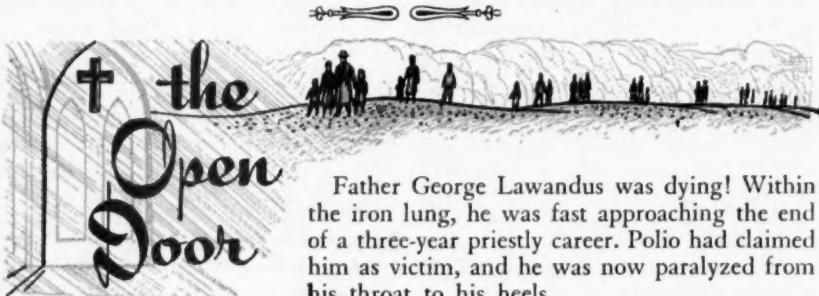
Writing these letters will accomplish three things. It will help you work off your anger. It will set wheels in motion that will cause grief to the men who arrested and fined you. It quite possibly may lead to abolishing the speed trap, so that future motorists can drive through that city unmolested.

Two years ago the Oklahoma City Junior Chamber of Commerce

armed its members with placards and sent them out to suburban roads to warn motorists about speed traps ahead. The campaign was successful in reducing the number of traps.

In Pittsburgh, a courageous lawyer named George S. Goldstein is waging a unique one-man war against traps in boroughs south of the steel city. He and his wife were caught in one last April.

He has offered to defend free any speed-trap victim who is willing to appeal the fine. More than 1,000 motorists telephoned Mr. Goldstein the first two months after he made this offer. He's fighting many of their cases through the courts right now. But even if you don't have the special legal knowledge of a Mr. Goldstein, a letter-writing campaign will help to end these underhanded highway practices.



Father George Lawandus was dying! Within the iron lung, he was fast approaching the end of a three-year priestly career. Polio had claimed him as victim, and he was now paralyzed from his throat to his heels.

Father William Stanton, his devoted friend of seminary days, and then stationed with him at Blessed Trinity parish in Buffalo, N. Y., was inconsolable. He spent every available minute at the bedside of the dying priest, and as scores of brother priests visited the hospital he pleaded with them to kneel and say the Rosary.

Across the hall, in another room, a young wife and mother lay dying. She, too, had polio. Her non-Catholic husband, bowed in grief, listened to the Rosary, for, each time it was said, Father included the dying woman as well.

On Friday at three o'clock, Father Lawandus died.

On Saturday, among the hundreds who came to see the remains, a man approached Father Stanton, and asked about having a Mass said for the dead priest. He then added that he would like to take instructions in the Catholic faith; for, he said, he had never known just what the Catholic priesthood meant until he had heard the priests praying. He was astounded by the beauty of it in the face of death.

A few days after the funeral his instructions began. And I am happy to add that his wife did not die, although her condition had been as critical as Father's.

Sister M. Cyrilla.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be returned.—Ed.]

Readin', Writin', 'n' Anarchy

*Progressive education is producing
students who can't think*

By FRED DE ARMOND

Condensed from the *Freeman**

A PARENT in California, where "progressive" education flourishes, recently visited her small son's school. She found 40 children in the classroom, howling, shouting, and rushing about like bedeviled elves. "We're having a spelling contest," the teacher informed her. "It's a relay race: each team carries the letters."

Another worried parent visited the teacher because her daughter, after four years at school, couldn't do the simplest addition. "There's nothing wrong," she was assured. "Just wait until the child feels the need." But the bland assurance did not still the mother's misgivings.

The progressive-education movement in America began with the philosopher John Dewey. Dewey and his followers believed that education should be tied more closely to the business of living, and that the schoolroom should be, as nearly as possible, society in miniature. They held that the natural impulses of children could be given more rein; a child develops best, they claimed, if he tastes a great deal

of victory and very little of defeat.

From this beginning there grew up at Teachers college, Columbia university, a small group called the Frontier Thinkers, men dedicated to the Dewey doctrine.

The reforms they advocated proved heady ideas for inexperienced or inept teachers. In the hands of school administrators, they could all too easily be carried to unwise extremes. That, in fact, is what happened. It was John Dewey's misfortune that the teaching profession followed his innovations not wisely but too well.

The Deweyites preached that education should be made a pleasant diversion for the students instead of an onerous task. Children were placed on an intellectual diet of lollipops. As one teacher put it, "Some of us have become little more than professional baby sitters."

Emphasis away from the essential skills, the three R's, allowed young minds to grow up in a wilderness of weeds. Old-fashioned teachers had insisted on the value of discipline, both mental and

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moral. When discipline was abandoned, the drill feature was taken out of education. But it turned out that without drilling, the average student did not learn to read, write, spell, or figure with facility. Contrary to the promise of the reformers, these accomplishments did not come spontaneously to grade and high-school students. The three R's may have to be given a place in college curricula. Without the basic tools of learning, higher education is stymied.

On the moral side, the results have been equally unfortunate. The old-fashioned school was a kind of replica of life. The teacher personified the kind of law and authority which all citizens must eventually recognize.

With the coming of the new "democracy" to the schoolroom, the pupils grew up with an entirely false impression of life. After years of doing as he pleased, a young man went to find a job or was drafted, and for the first time ran head on into discipline and authority. It was a shock.

But there was an even more dangerous aspect to the "progressive" movement. With their revolutionary methods of teaching, the Frontier Thinkers united strongly socialist or communist ideas. At a meeting at Teachers college in 1933, with Harold Rugg as chairman, power politics was first brought into education. The profit system was asserted to be wrong,

as John Dewey had long believed it to be. At that meeting, the Progressive Education association was made a conscious instrument to introduce a new social order into the U.S.

Nor were these men mealy-mouthed about the means they proposed to use. "I believe we can work with the communists and at other times with the socialists," Dr. Jesse Newlon suggested. Dr. Rugg proceeded with a series of textbooks and teachers' manuals subtly seeking to discredit our traditional free-market economy. The group penetrated the previously conservative National Education association, which later announced officially that "*dying laissez-faire* must be completely destroyed."

How far this political indoctrination has been successful we do not yet know. But we do have means of discovering what the effects of progressive education have been with regard to education itself. The Gallup Poll reports that nearly 40% of adult Americans do not know what a tariff is; one in four has not the faintest idea of the meaning of inflation; *filibuster* is Greek to half the nation's voters; to two-thirds of them, *jurisdictional strike* is meaningless; only four out of ten know what the Electoral college is.

John Dewey thought he had found a short cut to a system that would train students to think. It has not worked.

Free Enterprise Survives a Fire

The blaze wiped John Connelly out, but his competitors and employees had him back in business in five weeks

By CY PETERMAN

THE NEWEST Philadelphia story is a parable about the helping hand in America's rugged but free enterprise system. It began as an eight-alarm, \$1½ million fire that totally destroyed the Connelly Container Corp.'s new factory in the warehouse-oil-refinery area along the Schuylkill river.

Connelly's red-hot competitors helped him back into production, with plant, new equipment, and supplies, five weeks after the roof fell in. Today the central figure, hustling but shy John F. Connelly, who insists he's just lucky, calls it a wonder which could happen only in the U.S.

"We've been swamped with good deeds. The Golden Rule is working 24 hours a day for us. Nobody ever had more friends," he says.

Bewildered by a dozen national magazine articles about him, the daily press, radio, television, and finally Voice of America notices, Connelly still wonders why his name can't be kept out of the reports. The story snowballed along despite his mild protest that it could happen to anybody, so why make a symbol of him? Connelly

couldn't help it that everyone wished to help. He became a living proof of what capitalism is trying to tell a skeptic world.

Connelly's refusal to admit defeat, the prompt and tireless fight of his employees to salvage their business, attracted more help. The fire was discovered about 4 A.M., Jan. 24, 1953. By 11 A.M., the same day, Connelly Containers was established temporarily on the 2nd floor of the Penn-Sheraton hotel, where clerks and salesmen, working from memory, pieced new records together as they watched the leaping flames from the windows. Everything was destroyed.

Fed by gasoline seepage from 4 million high-octane gallons in the Allied Oil Storage Co.'s tanks next door, the container plant was sacrificed. But the insurance investigators made a \$½ million payment within a few days, one of the first good breaks.

Over the week end, offers poured in. Six major competitors called, and Connelly, working round the clock, replied, "You can fill our orders. Make us some boxes." They did, with the Connelly name on

them. After three weeks, Connelly was supplying corrugated-paper sheets; in a month he was making boxes; in five weeks he was fully operative in a new plant with \$600,000 of new equipment.

Four top equipment manufacturers, George W. Swift, Jr., Bordentown, N.J.; S. & S. Corrugated Paper Machine Co., Brooklyn; F. X. Hooper, Glendarm, Md.; and Coppage Machinery Co., New York, diverted orders from other purchasers, and by day-and-night assembly and shipping, readied the Connelly plant. Only one machine cost a premium; later the supplier balanced that score, too.

The biggest job in a business where customers can't wait very long was to find a new site. Connelly tried to get onto an abandoned Delaware-river pier; he found other buildings in Philadelphia occupied or too small. Then someone remembered the abandoned, 100-year-old Pencoyd Iron Works plant, just north of the city on the west bank of the Schuylkill. Connelly took it for \$550,000, along with the only practical entrance, a condemned railway-spur bridge across which his trucks moved, insurance waived. One reason they like to help Connelly is that he's willing to take a chance, his rivals say.

Many of Connelly's 360 employees pitched in with representatives of 13 different unions to refurbish the tumble-down works.

They pulled out trees which had grown through the open roofs; cleared up 20 years of debris. They poured thousands of square feet of concrete floors. Ninety per cent of the windows were gone; there was no heat, no doors, plumbing, nor electrical wiring.

The administrative staff joined the men in overalls, sandpapering, painting, sweeping, hanging shades. Everyone ate box lunches, including Connelly. While a coordinator adjusted jurisdictional wrangles, pipefitters, plumbers, carpenters, and electricians from 13 unions worked three 11-hour overlapping shifts, Sundays included. More than 200 men swarmed the place for two weeks. Some slept there. As machinery came in, containers were made amid the construction.

Installing the 25,000-pound Wicks boiler was trickiest of all the operations. The Pennsylvania railroad found a special low flatcar; the boiler was transferred from a truck trailer, hauled through the rusty iron bridge, retrucked into the plant, and installed without a slip.

"I held my breath while they crossed the river," Connelly admits. But when he comments thus, he glances at a framed telegram from the Grey Nuns of the Sacred Heart, of whose Melrose academy Connelly has long been a patron. When things looked blackest that day of the fire, Sister Naala reminded him, "God's records are not destroyed." No sentimentalist, Con-

nally remembers that when that line appeared in an early story, things just couldn't go wrong.

People tell him he has "the luck of the Irish," but it's more than that. The second night after the fire, he wrote until daylight, penning replies to 112 offers of help. One employee brought back a \$1,000 bonus check, should he need it to resume. Stenographers, bankers, watchmen, and rival proprietors put their services, money, and facilities at his disposal. Some never had met him. All were private citizens, for the city authorities took no part whatever.

Forty-six years old the day he reopened for business, Connelly gave a luncheon for those who helped him. Among the guests were representatives of Robert Gair Co., United Containers, David Weber Co., Fireboard Products, Seaboard Containers, and Gibraltar Corrugated Paper Co. These firms, instead of siphoning away Connelly's customers, had filled their orders for him. There also were representatives of the equipment manufacturers and the distributors who scurried around to replace the plant's machinery.

Connelly's associate, John H. Feaver, who produces the paper from which the containers are made, and burned out with him, was also there. Photographers and movie and TV men from across the country recorded the event. When the Grey Nuns dropped in a few days

later, *Life* snapped their picture, too. Connelly was still bashful.

Connelly Containers was organized in 1946, but John Connelly had 18 years in the industry as a production and sales executive before that. In seven years, the firm, smallest in the area, climbed to 4th place among a score of highly competitive container manufacturers. Last year it did \$7 million of business; and despite the five-week loss of time and plant, Connelly is positive 1953 will surpass that record.

He was on the telephone, ordering a conveyor belt. The manufacturer said it wouldn't be ready for several days.

"We're starting to work here with 200 people Monday morning," John said. "My truck and crew will be at your gate Saturday when you open. We'll install it Sunday. Put on extra crews, pay them what they want, but you can't keep that many people idle down here." He got the belt, and production began Monday morning.

Firemen and detectives assigned to investigate the fire sent Connelly a horseshoe when he reopened. He doesn't need it. Moreover, he moves too fast for those who would fit him for a halo.

"We've done no more than anyone would under similar circumstances," he grins. "Sure, we hustle. But put 50% of it down to luck: the good fortune of having good friends, in a country that's good to live and work in."

You and Tuberculosis

*Our national fight against TB needs your help,
especially if you are a victim of the disease*

By JAMES E. PERKINS, M.D., and FLOYD M. FELDMANN, M.D.

In collaboration with RUTH CARSON

Condensed from the book*

WHAT would you do if suddenly told that you have tuberculosis? You have no wan and wasted look, no hacking cough. The healthier you look and feel, the more you will need convincing. TB shows no symptoms at the start.

There are still 500,000 people in the U.S. and Canada for whom it is an immediate problem.

It takes time to recover from the shock of learning that you are one of the half million. You are likely to be angry and disbelieving.

But the most important thing is to believe your doctor's diagnosis. Many an unbelieving person has quietly left his own doctor's office and gone "shopping around," hoping for a different verdict. Or he has simply gone home, and hidden his head under his pillow.

I know of a case where a routine X-ray examination turned up definite signs of the disease in two nurses. Their knowledge of tuberculosis was greater than that of most other people, but their reac-

tions were typical of average lay persons.

One nurse was depressed, but she believed what the doctor said. She went to bed without fuss. She has been back at work more than a year, completely recovered.

The other nurse was resentful; she refused to believe the evidence. The hospital where she had been last employed was checked. She had been X-rayed there. When told that she had "spots on her lung" she left before further tests could be made. She is in a sanitarium now, still angry and rebellious.

Sometimes the only early sign of TB is an abnormal shadow on an X-ray film. It takes an expert to read an X-ray film, and even he cannot be certain about the shadow until other tests have been made. The shadow may mean some other disease of the lung; it may mean nothing at all. The only sensible thing is to play the odds as if you did have TB until you get a clean bill of health.

Once you have faced the facts,

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the worst is over. You stop kidding yourself, and do something. A first concern will be for the people around you. Have you already infected your family? Your school or office associates? Your doctor will want them all tested, no matter how healthy they may seem.

The test for adults will be X ray. Children usually receive only tuberculin tests at first. Tuberculin is made from liquid in which TB germs have been grown. It can be applied by a simple needle scratch on the skin. If there is no reaction in three or four days, the result is negative; no living germs are present. A swelling indicates that TB germs have entered your body, but it does not necessarily mean that you have active tuberculosis. But such reaction does mean that X rays and other tests should be given.

Can your family be inoculated against tuberculosis? A vaccine called BCG can be used. No one knows yet how complete the immunization with BCG is or how long it lasts. Studies and experiments are being made to find out. At least it can do no damage, since BCG is harmless.

Because TB is a contagious disease, your illness will be reported to your department of health. Your doctor will undoubtedly urge you to go to the hospital or sanitarium. It is certainly not necessary to go to the expense of traveling to another climate. The belief that change of air could help you started

in the old days when nobody knew what to do for tuberculosis.

The modern tuberculosis hospital or sanitarium is fully geared to get you well. You may not relish its routine, like many other things that are good for you, but it is exactly what you need. You have a chance for complete rest, with no temptations to take that one little stroll in the garden that may set you back eight months. Here is escape from family turmoil and visitors.

Here everyone will be getting treatment very similar to your own, and the whole place concentrates on that treatment. In the hospital you can have more complete medical care than you may realize. Even in a small TB hospital the physician in charge has many specialists available to him.

The entire medical staff will watch over your treatment. The doctors will hold frequent conferences in which they will study your laboratory reports, listen to what your floor doctor has to say, and then agree on what the next steps should be. Gradually, they will let you become more active.

Money, that's a big worry. How much will all this cost? Whatever it is, you will probably feel sure you can't afford it. You have plenty of company, because practically nobody can afford long illnesses; yet many people have them. Fortunately, it has long been recognized that your TB is not just your personal hard luck.

The fact that you can pass it on to others makes it a public-health problem. It is the community's job now to help you out of your predicament and to see that you don't infect others. For this purpose many excellent city, county, and state hospitals have been built. In the tax-supported TB hospitals of your state you can be cared for free or for a very low fee, adjusted to what you can afford to pay.

Accepting public, free or low-cost hospital care may seem a blow to your pride. It shouldn't! You can pay taxes all your life, contribute to Red Cross, community-chest, and Christmas-seal campaigns. Then, suddenly, the double-barred cross on those seals takes on a special meaning.

The help that is now offered you is what you have been paying for all along. Your taxes have helped to build, staff, and operate the hospitals. Your purchases of seals have helped to arouse the community to its responsibility in the control of tuberculosis.

Even though your hospital care is free, you may still have big financial problems. Worry about them can undo all the medical help you get. Hospital records are full of stories about heads of families who left against all advice; they felt that they had to keep on working. They also tell of mothers getting out because their children needed care. Nearly all these stories have unhappy endings, relapses, more sick-

ness, more contagion, even death. Remember, it is better to turn in the car, sell the savings bonds, let the house go. These can be replaced. You can't.

While in the sanitarium you will very likely meet many persons who have recovered from tuberculosis and gone on to full, happy lives. There is sure to be a doctor or nurse or technician whose success story will be an encouragement to you. Here is one case, for example. Marian Parker (not her real name) is blue-eyed, sandy-haired, assured, glowing. She works for the tuberculosis association of a large city. Her job is to make hospital arrangements for new patients and to help them straighten out personal problems. They come to her office straight from their doctors, stunned, bewildered, and at the bottom of the heap.

She knows just how they feel. She felt the same when she was told she had TB. What? She—tuberculosis? How does she feel now? Perfectly well. Was she as sick as they? Yes, or worse. She was 18, a nurse in training, and her only symptom was an extreme, numbing tiredness. One day, while she was assisting at an operation, a hemorrhage from her lungs disrupted the operation and her own life, for a time. Her TB was well advanced.

How long did it take her to get well? Two years. Now she has finished nurse's training. She is making a very special contribution to

the care of TB patients because of the peculiar insight and sympathy she has for their problems. She can tell them honestly that it is possible to recover.

If the sick person is a wage earner, with his permission she will call his employer. She'll check on continuance of salary, union-fund help, company insurance, and so on. But with those who wish to head out across country to conceal their condition, she argues.

Young girls worry that no one will marry them. They'd rather have it rumored that they're having a fine time on the coast, with their friends envious at home. She talks them out of ideas like this. She points out that away from their home state they'll have a hard time obtaining free or low-cost hospital care.

Early this year, when newspapers were announcing dramatic results from the use of new drugs for TB, her office was flooded with problems. Patients who had been waiting weeks for a hospital bed now refused it. They thought that they could simply take a pill and be cured at home. By phone, letter, and interview, Marian Parker battled this dangerous optimism. She is still kept busy pointing out the need for basic, proved treatment in a hospital, no matter how great an aid the new drugs can be.

The fact is that no one can tell how long your particular cure will take. Resistance varies. Reactions to

treatment are different. Even the useful drugs help some persons more than others. Don't add a time limit to your worries. If you don't meet it you will be depressed.

Hopefulness is the dominant attitude toward tuberculosis today. New tuberculosis hospitals are designed for easy conversion to general hospitals when the menace of TB will be a thing of the past. The U.S. Public Health service, the army, navy, Veterans Administration, Department of Agriculture, and Department of the Interior are all working on TB projects.

The discovery of streptomycin brought the strongest hope yet felt that the end of tuberculosis was near. When isoniazid was produced, shortly afterwards, some people jumped to the conclusion that this was the cure-all for TB. Now scientists realize that although these drugs are very helpful they need to know much more about the germ itself. On what does it live? How does it grow? Does it give off a poison? What makes the germ drug-resistant?

They need to know more about the human beings who play host to the germ. More about the lungs. More about the mechanics and wherefores of human resistance.

Nevertheless they work with assurance and optimism. The gains against tuberculosis have been steady. It is not foolish optimism to say that the end of tuberculosis is coming within sight.

What Compliments Do for You

You like me and I'll like you

By WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

Condensed from the *Rotarian**



ARAIN-SOAKED New York newsboy and a Russian beggar paid the finest compliments I ever heard of—and to two famous men, Henry Ward Beecher and Leo Tolstoi.

Beecher spotted a newsboy shivering in a hallway, trying to protect his papers from the autumn rain.

"Poor fellow," he said. "Aren't you terribly cold standing there?"

The boy looked up with a smile. "I was, sir, before you came."

Tolstoi, passing a street corner, was badgered for alms by a pathetic figure in rags.

"I'm sorry, but I have no alms to give you, my brother," answered the distinguished novelist.

"Sir, you have given me far more than alms," said the beggar. "You have called me brother."

Lives have been changed, communities transformed, and tragedy turned to triumph by the power of the compliment. Dr. George W. Crane, former professor of psychology at Northwestern university, has

carried the compliment idea over into his counseling field. A bitter young woman on the verge of a nervous breakdown appealed to him for help. She was a conscientious, capable secretary, but her boss took sadistic delight in criticizing her work. She was well paid, however, and she felt she had to keep her job.

"Will you do exactly as I prescribe," said the psychologist, "even though it is thoroughly disagreeable?" The girl promised.

"Pay your boss a sincere compliment every day for the next three months," Dr. Crane ordered. "Then come to me. If you still feel you must get another job, I'll guarantee to get you one as good as you have now."

"But I can't!" the nearly hysterical girl protested.

"Very well," said the doctor caustically. "You are dismissed as a patient." The girl blazed up. "You can't get rid of me that way. I'll do it!"

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The next day she told her boss how much she liked his tie and how she admired the way he dictated his letters. She found out he was good at golf; whenever he returned from the links she asked his score, and congratulated him when he had done well. She commented on his good clothes sense, and praised his democratic way with strangers.

Three months later, when she reported to Crane, she was relaxed, smiling, and self-confident. The doctor diagnosed the situation at a glance.

"I see the compliment campaign worked," he said. "I won't need to get you that new job now, will I?"

"Not at all," she said jubilantly. "But I'm quitting the office."

Dr. Crane turned on her suddenly. "Why—what's that?"

"I found out that the boss is really a nice guy," she explained happily; "and he has asked me to marry him. I'm going to. See my ring?"

Anyone can get exciting diversion out of paying unexpected compliments. Recently I noticed a truck driver swiftly, smoothly, and skillfully back his big truck into a narrow alley. I was one of a crowd waiting for him to clear the walk. Holding the steering gear with his right hand, he leaned halfway out of the truck cab to watch the wall to his left. Just as he got opposite me, I called up to him, "Boy, you certainly are a wizard driver." He

stopped backing for a second, beamed a smile at me, and answered, "Thanks, boss. That's the swellest thing I've heard in a long time."

A college boy was operating an elevator during the summer to get money for his education. He grew discouraged. A word of praise I gave him stimulated him to go on with his college work. A compliment I gave a traffic officer for his efficiency and courtesy resulted in a hearty greeting thereafter. A compliment to a tired, harassed hotel clerk resulted in totally unexpected and unsought priority in a room assignment. A word of praise for a ragged urchin in a settlement house broke down his defiance and turned him into a loyal boy and a willing worker.

Then there's the sympathetic type of compliment. Let me illustrate. A timid typist, who felt self-conscious whenever anyone spoke to her, joined the "compliment club" to try to overcome her handicap.

She decided to talk to an older woman in her office who rarely spoke to any other worker. Nobody talked to the woman voluntarily. The girl felt genuinely sorry for her in her loneliness, and decided to break the ice with a compliment; out of the corner of her eye she looked for her chance. Then she casually approached the older woman's desk and struck up a conversation with her.

"I want to tell you how I like your soft hair-do," she said, smiling. "It really is very attractive."

The recipient looked up in amazement. "That's the kindest word I've had in this office in 17 years," she said.

The two office workers became good friends, and the barrier for the whole office was broken down by a single bit of praise.

Most novel of all is the back-firing type of compliment. One time a woman sought out Dr. Crane for advice.

"I hate my husband," she snapped, "and I'm going to divorce him. I want to hurt him all I can." She went on with her story.

"The scoundrel!" sympathized Dr. Crane. "I'll help you, but you

must do exactly as I say." She agreed.

"Start showering him with compliments, and when he thinks you love him devotedly and considers you absolutely indispensable to him, then start divorce action. That's the way to hurt him."

The wife protested, but finally approved the procedure. She even chuckled on leaving.

Months later she kept her appointment with Dr. Crane. "It has worked out fine," she reported.

"Good," the psychologist answered. "Now's the time to file for divorce."

"Divorce? Never!" she asserted indignantly. "I love my husband, and he'll never get very far away from me."

Hearts Are Trumps

ON a Christmas Eve during the 2nd World War, a young English seaman found himself far from home in St. John's, Newfoundland. He had no money, and he decided to spend his Christmas wandering the streets, hoping to find something to do.

A Canadian seaman named Skillen met and befriended him. Together they heard midnight Mass in the great cathedral that overlooks the town and harbor. Then Skillen treated the lonely Englishman to a real Christmas meal in a good restaurant. The Englishman regretted that he could not return the Canadian's hospitality.

Some time later, Skillen's corvette was torpedoed, and Skillen was cast adrift on a life raft. He passed a worried night, but in the morning a ship appeared, looking for survivors. The man who pulled Skillen out of the water was the Englishman he had befriended on a lonely Christmas eve.

W. H. McNabb.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

Seven Against Malenkov

*Stalin is not yet replaced;
settling old scores comes
first in the Soviet system*

By BELA FABIAN

Condensed from *America**



AT STALIN'S DEATHBED, Georgi M. Malenkov and Stalin's seven lieutenants divided up their master's heritage among themselves. The seven Soviet leaders with whom Malenkov now shares the dictator's mantle—Beria, Bulganin, Kaganovich, Khrushchev, Molotov, Vassilievsky and Zhukov—are Malenkov's sworn enemies. The feud between Malenkov and the seven leaders is not of today. It had been Stalin's policy to polarize the members of the Politburo, playing one against the other.

The seven took good care that all the power should not fall into Malenkov's hands. The ghosts of Trotsky, Kamenev, Zinoviev, Bukharin, Rykov, Piatakov, Radek and Tukhachevsky may haunt the dreams of Beria and his fellow leaders.

Love of power is not the only reason why the seven have demanded their share of Malenkov's authority. They did it as a precaution to safeguard their own lives

as well as the lives of their families.

The seven are well acquainted with Malenkov. Two of them, Molotov and Kaganovich, 27 years ago launched Malenkov on the path leading to Stalin's heritage. All of them can look back on one or several encounters with him during Stalin's lifetime. They know that while he acquired a high degree of forbearance and calculation from his Russian father, he also acquired a full measure of ruthlessness and shrewdness from his mother's side. She was of Tartar descent.

At the age of 22, Georgi Malenkov was already political commissar of the Soviet army in Turkestan. In 1924, he was enrolled as a student of the Higher Technical school in Moscow. (As the nucleus of the school's communist cell, he purged the school of Stalin's enemies.)

In 1925, on the recommendations of Molotov and Kaganovich, he

*329 W. 108th St., New York City 25. April 18, 1953. Copyright 1953 by the America Press., and reprinted with permission.

was given a job in Stalin's secretariat in the Kremlin.

In 1930, he was chief of the organizing department of the Moscow Communist party. He liquidated the followers of Bukharin, Rykov, and Tomsky.

In 1937 and 1938 he was chief of the personnel department of the Communist-party secretariat. He actively assisted Nicolai Yezhov and Andrei Vishinsky in carrying out the Great Purge.

In 1941, Malenkov turned against his two sponsors, Molotov and Kaganovich. He delivered a speech fiercely assailing nepotism and favoritism. He demanded that close relatives of the commissars be removed from their posts in Soviet industry. Molotov's wife, Polina Zhemchushina, and Moses Kaganovich, the brother of Lazar Kaganovich, both of whom held leading positions in Soviet industry, fell victims to Malenkov's eloquence and were forced to resign.

The internal conflicts raging in the Politburo, which the Soviet press is forbidden to mention, are nevertheless widely known in the Soviet Union and the other countries behind the Iron Curtain.

Vyacheslav Molotov, deputy prime minister, minister of foreign affairs, and member of the Presidium of the Council of Ministers, is today a high official without power—unless the rumor is true that his daughter Svetlana is married to Stalin's son Vassily, commander-in-

chief of the Moscow District Military Air Force.

Lazar Kaganovich is the supreme manager of Soviet Economic Affairs, deputy prime minister, and a member of the Presidium of the Council of Ministers. He, too, is a high public official without power. His beautiful younger sister, Rosa Kaganovich, was Stalin's third wife.

Rosa, the Queen Esther of the Kremlin, was unable, however, to save her Jewish brethren from persecution, as the Queen Esther of the Old Testament had once saved them from King Assuerus' minister, the wicked Haman. It was no secret from Kaganovich that Malenkov had been the "wicked Haman" of the Kremlin; that in October, 1948, following the "decease" of Gen. Andrei Zhdanov, he started the wave of anti-Semitism that swept the Soviet Union and the Soviet-occupied countries.

Lavrenti P. Beria was the second orator at Stalin's bier, immediately following Malenkov and preceding Molotov, who was third. (The communists are extremely careful of protocol in according precedence on such occasions.) The three funeral eulogies were timed to last no longer than 15 minutes each.

It was Malenkov who, during Stalin's lifetime, repeatedly attempted to mete out to Beria the ill fate of his predecessors. Earlier bosses of the secret police—Menzhinsky, Yagoda and Yezhov—had been executed. The blood of the two latter

sticks to Malenkov's hands. Stalin, however, had always saved Beria, his compatriot—a Georgian, as was Stalin.

When on Jan. 13 of this year nine Kremlin doctors were accused of the "medical murder" of Col. Gen. Alexander Shcherbakov in 1945 and of Gen. Andrei Zhdanov in 1948, Malenkov charged that the secret police (*i.e.*, Beria) had been wanting in "vigilance." Beria's position became precarious as the doctors began to "confess" the names of army generals they had been planning to do away with.

Malenkov was trying to ingratiate himself with the army by posing as its avenger and defender. By throwing the blame for the plot on Beria, he would clear himself of any suspicion that he had had a hand in Zhdanov's death. And with Beria out of the way, Malenkov could get control of the secret police.

Paradoxical as it may sound, it was Stalin's death that saved Beria from the sinister fate Malenkov had in store for him. Malenkov could not block Beria from getting the second highest post in the Soviet government. Beria is now first deputy prime minister and minister of internal affairs, heading the combined Ministries of Internal Affairs and State Security. Today the united MVD and Security Police forces are better equipped than the Red army.

On April 4 it became clear how

dismally Malenkov's scheming had failed. On that date the Ministry of Internal Affairs announced that the doctors arrested in January had been falsely accused. They had been released, and the persons who had been guilty of "incorrect conduct of the investigation" had been arrested and brought "to criminal responsibility."

As of the present moment, therefore, the tables have been completely turned. Beria's men are free; Malenkov's are in jail. How long Malenkov himself will remain free is an open question.

Marshal Nicolai Bulganin, now deputy prime minister, was mayor of Moscow when the capital was besieged by the Germans in 1941. His outstanding talent as an administrator became clear to Stalin on that momentous occasion. In 1947 he was appointed minister of war, a post he retained until 1949. In the frequent disputes and skirmishes that took place between Zhdanov and Malenkov, Bulganin always sided with Zhdanov. After Zhdanov suddenly succumbed to a "heart attack," on Aug. 31, 1948, Bulganin led the opposition against Malenkov in the Politburo. Hence Marshal Bulganin, the war lord of the Red army, is an old-time adversary of Malenkov.

Marshal Bulganin has two deputies: Marshal Alexander Vassilievsky and Marshal Georgi K. Zhukov. Vassilievsky, who succeeded Bulganin as minister of war in

1949, and has now, in turn, been succeeded by him, is a professional soldier. He has a considerable body of loyal adherents in the Red army. He is a well-trained military expert and a born organizer. Vassilievsky owes both his earlier promotion and his recent degradation alike to Malenkov.

The mighty ones in the Soviet Union have a long memory: they remember not only those who are disloyal to them, but those toward whom they themselves have been disloyal. In such a guilt-laden and fear-ridden gang, there is no letting bygones be bygones.

At Stalin's villa on the shore of the Black sea, Malenkov and Zhukov once almost came to blows. After an exchange of sharp words over an insignificant matter, Malenkov wanted to strike Zhukov. In 1947, the machinations of Malenkov finally succeeded in having the Soviet Union's most popular soldier pushed out of the limelight. Zhukov was recalled by Stalin from Berlin and relegated to an obscure military post as commander of Odessa. The hero of Berlin was soon forgotten.

His name was no longer mentioned in the press. It likewise failed to appear in all books written about the 2nd World War, and could no longer be found in fiction, manuals or histories. According to Soviet literature, Stalin had won the war singlehanded. It is surely too much to expect the Russian

equivalent of a MacArthur or an Eisenhower to have buried this irreparable injury he suffered from Malenkov.

When Zhukov left Moscow for Odessa, he was not sure that he would arrive at his new post of command. Another hero of the Soviet Union, the hero of the 1918-21 civil wars and of the 1920 campaign against Poland, Marshal Tukhachevsky, had been transferred by Stalin to Saratov. He never arrived there. After five years of exile, however, several months before Stalin died, Zhukov was recalled to Moscow.

The army and the secret police are two of the key instruments of power in the Soviet Union. The third, which Malenkov hoped also to grasp, and which he did indeed hold briefly after Stalin's death, is the secretaryship general of the Communist party, which gives control of the party apparatus.

After the hasty arrangements following Stalin's death, it seemed that all the reins of power in the Soviet government—those of head of the Presidium, the Council of Ministers, the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet and of the party apparatus, would be in Malenkov's hands. But he quickly lost the party control. Within two weeks, Nikita S. Khrushchev (I quote the official report), after "Georgi M. Malenkov [had] relinquished, at his own request, his post as secretary of the Communist party, became Stalin's

successor as general secretary of the Communist party."

Two years ago Nikita S. Khrushchev introduced the plan of agrarian townships (*agrogorod*). This program involved unification of the collective farms for better exploitation of machine power and more effective use of the manual labor of many million agrarian workers. Moreover, Khrushchev advocated liquidation of the rural-village system. The peasants were to be settled into newly built modern agrarian townships, where they would come in closer contact with urban civilization, and at the same time be removed from the peasant's present individualistic way of life.

The carrying out of this plan had already begun when it was abruptly discontinued, on Stalin's orders. Malenkov had advised against it, and had prevailed against Khrushchev.

This victory of Malenkov over the present successor to Stalin as general secretary of the party was public and hence extremely humiliating.

At the 19th Communist party congress in Moscow on Oct. 6, 1952, Malenkov took Khrushchev to task in the following harsh terms.

"In the first place, one must point out that our individual executive workers, especially in connection with the enlargement of the small collective farms, allowed an incorrect, a consumer, approach to the question of collective-farm construc-

tion. They proposed to achieve at a forced tempo the mass resettlement of villages in large collective-farm settlements, to demolish the old collective-farm installations and the dwelling houses of the collective farmers, and to create in the new places collective-farm towns and *agro* townships, and looked upon it as the most important task of the organizational economic consolidation of the collective farms."

Khrushchev is now in a position to work, at least clandestinely, through the party machinery to retaliate for that rebuff on a major issue of Marxist economic ideology.

The new secretary general of the party, who is 58, has behind him half a lifetime of rich and varied experience in party affairs. According to some, he hails from the Ukraine; others say that he is of Great Russian origin. In 1937 he was party secretary in Moscow. In 1938, at the time of the Great Purge, he was appointed secretary general of the Ukrainian Communist party.

Before Khrushchev's arrival at his new post in the Ukraine, between the summer of 1937 and the spring of 1938, three Ukrainian prime ministers had ended their lives tragically. Panas Lyubchenko committed suicide, pending arrest. His two successors were executed—Bondarenko after two months in office, Chubar after four. All three had been accused of conspiring with Ukrainian separatists who had

fled to Warsaw. (At that time the "American spy" was not yet in vogue as a pretext for purges.) Besides separatism, they were charged with espionage in favor of Poland.

When Khrushchev occupied his post as secretary general of the Ukrainian Communist party, he declared that he would crush all traitors the way Taras Bulba (the Cossack chief, Gogol's hero) had killed his son Andrei because he had betrayed his people for the love of a Polish girl.

Malenkov will hardly be able to count on the support of Khrushchev. The new secretary general of the Communist party should rather be considered as the seventh bastion of the fortress built in opposition to Malenkov. The former premier of the Ukraine (a post to which he was later appointed) knows well enough that powerful positions in the Soviet Union are often the last stop on the way leading to the gallows.

The countries of the West, above all America, are faced with a problem: what attitude should we take in view of the deadly inter-gang struggle of the Kremlin's clay-footed giants, shaken by fear of one another?

We need no weather bureau to forecast considerable cloudiness over the skies of Moscow. Never before, not even at the time of the civil wars, has the situation of the Bolsheviks been as critical as it is today. One thing is therefore clear:

Malenkov needs a breathing space to consolidate his own position.

There are actually three powers in the Soviet Union: the Communist-party organization, in the hands of Nikita S. Khrushchev; the Red army, in the hands of Marshals Bulganin, Vassilievsky and Zhukov; and the MVD, unrestrictedly ruled by Lavrenti P. Beria. The struggle of the seven will polarize itself in this triangle.

Malenkov, the dictator, has practically no ascendancy as long as the other seven, to protect their own lives, hold together against him.

Following Stalin's example, Malenkov will spare no means calculated to divide the opposition to him. Until the internal power struggles in the Kremlin are somehow settled, each faction is badly in need of peace abroad. It cannot afford to become involved in external troubles as long as its position in the USSR's power structure is precarious. The slogan of all factions will therefore be the same as the one sounded by Lenin when he rose to power in 1918: Peace! They must have peace abroad.

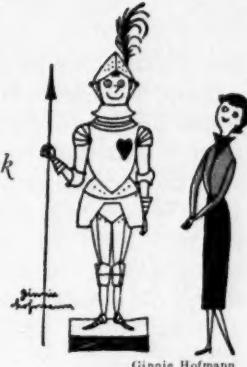
We are just as sure, however, that as soon as their internal jockeyings for predominance shall have somehow come to an end, all factions will unite in the drive for the ultimate objective of the communist conspiracy: the conquest of the whole world. The present change in Soviet strategy does not mean any change in Soviet policy.

That Man You Married

*Your present attitude will affect what others think
of him in business and society*

By HENRIETTA RIPPERGER

Condensed from *Woman's Day**



Ginnie Hofmann

I WONDER why Jane's husband doesn't get more business," a friend of Jane's said. "He stood high in school."

"I think I know one reason," said the woman's husband, half seriously. "When you engage a man to represent you, you don't want one known as Honey Duck."

By publicly pinning this loving but foolish title on her husband, Jane reduced his importance in the eyes of others. What's in a name? There is much more in it, sometimes, than we think.

Nobody wants a whittled-down man. The husband who comes to heel when told, whose friends regard him with an amused smile, is not the one who will conquer the world. The man we women dream about is decisive, secure in himself, hard to handle, perhaps even a little dangerous. Then, having gone out and caught this untamed male of our dreams, we set about to tame him, to trim him down to size.

Many young wives, often in jobs

without much future, earn more than their husbands. They had better be tactful. The effect may be to put husbands out of humor with starting at the bottom of the ladder, however high it may go.

We recently heard such a case described by the personnel director of a large concern. "One of our promising young men," he said, "became dissatisfied and left us." The trouble started when his wife took a position that, according to her story, would pay commissions running into many hundreds of dollars a month. It did, too, as she advertised to all their acquaintances. After a few months, the husband became restless, and decided to find a better-paying position.

"The grim humor of it was," the man went on, "that her big commissions didn't last. After a while, she earned next to nothing, and he had to start all over again."

Here was a wife who would have resented the suggestion that her husband was not successful, but

*19 W. 44th St., New York City 36. March, 1953. Copyright 1953, and reprinted with permission of *Woman's Day*, the A & P magazine.

she actually hindered his success.

Some women don't let their husbands dress well enough. We consider it important for us to look as well dressed and prosperous as possible. We are flags of our husbands' success. But our spending may make a man afraid to buy the things he needs. Actually, a new overcoat might be a help in his advancement.

It is more than a question of what clothes a man has; it is also a matter of how he is cared for. A wife who takes great pride in how a child looks may let a man wear a mussed shirt, or go with buttons missing or with frayed cuffs.

On the social side, we wives can proudly display the men we are married to, or embarrass them and blanket them out. Those of us who do the latter often begin by taking the conversation out of a man's mouth. "Wait, you've forgotten part of it," we say, jumping eagerly into the midst of his story. Or we cut him off by interrupting him with, "Now, nobody is interested in that." So the men light their pipes and lapse into a silence that eventually becomes habitual, and we wonder why.

Belittling is often done to show power or prove possession. "Fred, you don't think that," says a wife, "I know better." And she states his opinions for him. Sometimes the belittling is done by pricking the husband's bubble of gallantry. In-

stead of admiring and accepting it, his wife laughs at him.

Inside the home, it may take another form. As brides, we play up the families we married into. But as time goes on, most of us prefer, and play up, our own people. In the old days of vaudeville there used to be a standard act. An actor would impersonate a small boy on the sidewalk speaking to his mother, invisible in a window above. One topic was an errand to the delicatessen. "Who's coming?" he shouted. "Your folks? No? Poppa's folks? Oh, I'll get four slices of liverwurst." The inflection of his voice, dropping in contempt, disposed of the guests.

Any kind of disregard for "poppa's folks" communicates itself from mothers to children and does much to injure the father's prestige.

Many young high-school boys and girls form a poor-to-contemptuous opinion of father's mental processes because of mother. "Don't discuss that," we say. "You know how dad is on the subject." As if dad could not be trusted to speak with reason. Or we say, "Don't bother daddy," as if he were a weakling we had to protect.

From what do these mistakes arise? From youth, at first, youth and inexperience. From possessiveness, probably, the desire to show that this man is ours. From carelessness, and misdirected loyalty and affection. Sometimes, too, from

a need to establish our own importance.

Marriage has its baffling side. It represents a sudden change from being daddy's darling, or a successful working girl, young and free to do as you please.

You used to have money of your own. No matter how little, it was yours. You did not have to consult anyone about what you bought. Now the funds are not yours, but "ours."

You wanted marriage, but it turns out to contain many surprises. It is natural to have trouble adjusting to the inevitable discipline of being one of a team. In this new partnership a man has to make many of the decisions with reference to his life rather than yours. It is natural to feel the temptation to whittle him down.

What is the alternative? It is a positive, conscious, continuous build-up program for the man you have married and with whom your future rests. You can do it by showing that you respect him. It is good for a man's position in the community to have it known that his wife, the person who knows him best, looks up to and admires him. "I don't know Joe very well," a man said of a neighbor, "but I know what his wife thinks of him. Anybody who keeps the respect

and admiration of a woman like Susan must be very okay." There is no substitute for this kind of reputation builder.

You can do it by not picking him to pieces in private. Men need confidence to meet the outside world. They cannot afford to have it eaten away by acid at home. Everybody enjoys spirit in a wife; but the spirit that helps is gaiety, not one that insists on making an issue of every little thing.

You can see to it that the children learn respect for their father by realizing your own respect for him. "Dad has a different point of view from yours; it is based on experience. Better get him to talk about it." Or, "I'd like to have dad's opinion on this before we decide."

Finally, as time goes on, we can strengthen our husbands by helping them keep values straight. For many men, probably for most, mid-life holds some disenchantment. Dreams of great success may die out and disillusionment set in. Only a few get to the top, and even they sometimes wonder if it was worth the struggle. At this point, an understanding, intelligent woman can reinforce a man's sense of well-being by recognizing the things he has done and admiring him for them.



Grandmother had a farm; mother had a garden; daughter has a can opener.

Raymond C. Otto.

Brighty, the Burro

He's a charming mixture of ferocity, patience, cunning, and friendliness

By DON C. TRENARY

Condensed from the Milwaukee *Journal**



Two exactly opposite bills are being threshed out in the California legislature. One would give property owners the right to shoot wild burros; the other would throw them into jail for doing it. The little donkey, it is quite apparent, has California on the ears of a dilemma.

The trouble comes from burros which were turned loose by, or slipped away from, desert prospectors. The burros thrived. They have proved a match for their natural enemies, including mountain lions. They have appropriated to themselves large tracts of California, such as the plateaus around Death Valley, fattening on the sparse vegetation and driving more stupid animals away from water holes. What has roused the ranchers' anger is that those more stupid animals include cattle and sheep.

Even the rifle may not be the answer to this donkey encroachment, for the animals are more difficult to stalk than deer. Millenniaums of close association with men

have taught the beasts great cunning. They have quickness and a sixth sense for danger. With their protective coloring and ability to stand motionless, they are almost invisible beyond 100 yards.

The donkey is one of the most ancient of man's domestic animals. It was known and domesticated probably in Egypt, centuries before the horse. In its time, it has carried the world's most precious burden; it was on a donkey that our Lord made His Palm Sunday entrance into Jerusalem. For this, it is said, some of the beasts are still marked with a cross of dark-colored hair.

Donkeys were brought into the New World in the 16th century by Bishop Juan Zumárraga, who used them to supplant Indian runners in a daily relay service between the coast and Mexico City. When the first missionaries pushed up into California, they brought burros with them as beasts of burden.

From then on, the burro became an indispensable part of the economy of the southwestern U.S.

*April 5, 1953. Copyright 1953 by the Journal Co., 331 W. State St., Milwaukee, Wis., and reprinted with permission.

Plodding its surefooted, quizzical-faced way, it carried ore and food, domestic utensils and children, sometimes so covered with its burden that it could hardly be seen.

The burro's greatest days of utility and glory were in the last half of the 19th century, when the prospecting boom was at its height. To every "desert rat," a burro was as necessary as his ore-sample sack. Part drudge and part companion, the burro was sometimes smarter than its master. It saved many a prospector's life by its unwillingness to be pushed into danger and its uncanny ability to scent water holes.

For 40 years, burros provided the only link between the remote La Plata mines of southern Colorado and civilization, delivering lumber, food, coal, gasoline, and nails to the mines and bringing ore back down.

The wild burros plaguing California ranchers are the descendants of these pioneering animals. In herds of 20 to 30—one jack and as big a harem as he can muster—they range the semiarid plateaus. When rival jacks meet, the fight is furious. The opponents circle each other like boxers, biting, stamping, and kicking. Great patches of skin are torn off, even some flesh. The fight continues until one is exhausted.

Death is rare in such battles, but this is because of the superb defensive equipment of the donkey rather than his lack of offensive

weapons or the desire to use them.

The driver of a burro pack train told me one example. His animals, he said, were crossing a ridge of Sierra granite when they walked unexpectedly into a pack of half-savage dogs. Two of the dogs made an instant attack. The lead burro, despite his heavy pack, turned with lightning-like rapidity and kicked a slender hoof into the face of a snarling dog, at the same time braying an unmistakable battle cry.

The clarion was taken up by the burros all down the line, and they broke ranks to join the fight. The first burros formed into a line facing the dogs; the ones in the rear went pouring over the ridge like cavalry. Before the dogs realized what had happened, they were completely surrounded by a ring of pack beasts with ears laid back and teeth showing.

The tactic panicked the dogs. One made a run to break out of the circle. The nearest burro plunged his head; his teeth fastened onto the dog's back; listeners heard the bones crunch; and the burro flung the dog's limp body over his back. An instant later, the other dog went the same way.

Battle over, the burros resumed their sleepy look. Of their own accord, they went back into line and plodded peacefully on their way.

Such mercurial changes are typical of burros. They amused the thousands who knew Brighty, the donkey individualist of the Grand

Canyon. Brighty became a free citizen of the canyon country in 1892, when two men who owned him drowned in a river crossing. Thereafter, Brighty acknowledged no master. Neither did he consort with the wild burros of the wilder ranges. He was everybody's friend, but nobody's slave.

In summer, Brighty lent his presence to a plateau frequented by tourists. There he came readily to any hand that held out a cracker, provided he did not suspect the motive. He willingly permitted children to ride him, and even descended to carry water up the trail to the plateau, provided the loads were not too heavy. Thus far he would go. But no further.

Now and again, cougar hunters or prospectors with a pack train would come across the ownerless Brighty and appropriate him. These he would lead a devil's dance that they remembered the rest of their lives.

He began quietly enough, joining the pack train as if it were what he wanted most. But as soon as he was out of the direct vision of his drivers, he bolted and hid with the craft of an Indian. Routed out, he took his beating philosophically, and repeated the performance at the next opportunity. Exasperated drivers might try to halt this by belling him, but Brighty had learned to move his neck gently while walking, so that the clapper never touched the bell rim, and

after he bolted he stood so still that the bell gave no warning.

This was only a softening-up process, for Brighty would not take his freedom with a pack on his back. That night he would escape again by slipping or biting through his picket rope. When chased, he was a demon of evasion. He would scurry into bushes where lassos could not penetrate. In the open, he would duck his head between his forelegs, and let the lariat sail over it. If the loop caught the feet, he kicked it off or jumped from the entanglement.

When irrevocably caught, he would submit without rancor and start his bolting over again at the next chance. Eventually the drivers always let him go, calling on heaven to observe his wickedness. In a day or two he would show up at his old haunts, carry children gently, and do anyone the favor of toting water.

Donkey owners in the less rugged East will point to other eccentricities on the part of their animals. One recalls fondly that she had a donkey which, if balking, could always be started by rattling a stone in a tin can. Other bemused owners relate that you can get a donkey to enter a truck by placing him with his tail to the chute and trying to put a basket over his head. The donkey then backs into the truck.

Donkeys were once sold by Macy's department store in New York

City. In 1944, it penned a live donkey near the toy department, where thousands of small hands petted it. A remarkable number of parents bought donkeys, finding they could

not get their children back down the escalator without promising a purchase. The donkeys, needless to say, made drastic changes in the lives of their owners.

Musical Notes

ONE of the most popular medieval religious songs was a hymn for St. John the Baptist's day. In its most popular arrangement, the initial syllables of a six-line stanza were sung on an ascending scale:

*Ut queant laxis
resonare fibris
Mira gestorum
famuli tuorum
Solve polluti
labii reatum,*
Sancte Johannes.

That they might seek
With unloosed voice
To proclaim thy great deeds,
Grant to thy servants,
Whose lips are impure,
Freedom from sin,
Saint John.

Association of the initial syllables with the six-note musical scale led the notes to take their names from the sounds. Later musicians added one new note and changed *ut* to *do*. But the ancient hymn is still commemorated in *re, mi, fa, sol, and la*—unchanged in name since the early Middle Ages.

MEDEVAL CHURCHMEN placed great value upon the music of bells. Composers produced scores written especially for them, and players practiced for years to master such operations as "ringing the changes."

Some time before the 14th century, an unknown musician perfected a method of striking bells without ringing them. His instrument probably consisted of a revolving barrel set with pegs which tripped several hammers in succession. Music produced in this fashion came to be called chimes. Chimes usually repeated a simple melody many times; harmony and concord were fundamental. After the first note was struck, other bells merely echoed it with minor variations.

Conversations sometimes resembled the chimes from a cathedral tower. A person of importance would give his opinion, and others in the group would murmur their agreement. It became customary to call such harmonious agreement "chiming in." Firmly fixed in speech, the expression has come to be used of persons who speak up to echo any sort of sentiment.

Webb B. Garrison.

Isaac Jogues at Albany

*At a time when religious strife was bitterest in Europe
charity shone forth in the New World*

By JOHN A. O'BRIEN

Condensed from the *St. Joseph Magazine**

WHILE the Protestants were first settling New York, they performed an act of kindness to a Catholic missionary which deserves to be enshrined among the noblest traditions of the New World. Dutch Calvinists at what is now Albany risked the whole future of their settlement by helping St. Isaac Jogues escape from the Iroquois Indians.

Père Isaac Jogues had come in 1636 to spread the Gospel among the savages of the American wilderness. He ministered for several years to the Hurons at Ste. Marie. Then he was captured by the Mohawks, fiercest of the five Iroquois tribes, near Three Rivers on Aug. 3, 1642. The savages pounced with fury upon him and his two companions, Goupil and Couture, beating them with clubs from head to foot. They bit out the

priest's fingernails and then started to chew his two forefingers, causing him excruciating pain.

They carried their bleeding captives to an Indian village, now Auriesville, on the Mohawk, about 40 miles above Albany.

At the village more torture was meted out to the missionary. The savages amused themselves by beating him with sticks and slashing him with knives. "I hate this one most of all," cried a sorcerer, as he approached the Blackrobe. Then he began, like a dog, to gnaw the Jesuit's mangled fingers.

To add variety to the torture, he ordered a captured Christian Algonquin woman to saw off Isaac's left thumb with a jagged shell. She refused, for she loved the Blackrobes. The braves began to beat her and threatened to kill her. Trem-



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bling, she at last reluctantly complied.

The savages took turns driving their long fingernails into the most sensitive part of the priest's body and then held flaming sticks against his thighs and under his arms.

When dusk came, they led Jogues into one of the Indian huts. Here he was stretched on his back, with his limbs extended and his wrists and ankles bound fast to stakes driven into the earthen floor.

The children amused themselves by placing live coals and redhot ashes on the priest's naked body. Covered with wounds and bruises which made every movement a new torture, and bound tightly to his stakes, he was sometimes unable to shake off the burning coals.

For a year Isaac was held in slavery, suffering almost beyond endurance. The following summer, he was taken by his captors to the trading post of the Dutch at Fort Orange. The settlement, Rensselaerswyck, was where Albany now stands. The Dutch there were Calvinists, under the spiritual charge of the kindly Dominie Magapollensis.

When the Dutch burghers saw the ragged and emaciated missionary, they offered to help him escape. A small Dutch vessel, ready to sail, lay in the Hudson.

"Here is your chance," urged Van Corlaer, the commandant. "Slip into that vessel and hide in it."

"But the Indians may suspect," objected the priest, "that you and your friends have aided in my escape, and vent their wrath on you."

"No," he argued, "we can manage that all right. It would be plain suicide for you to stay with the Iroquois."

Jogues passed the night in prayer, asking God not to allow any self-love to enter into his decision. He saw that his immediate usefulness as a spiritual shepherd to the red men had ended. One of his two lay assistants, Goupiel, was dead; the other, Couture, had often urged him to escape, promising that he would follow.

He would flee. In this way he could continue to serve God and perhaps find some new way to advance His kingdom in the New World.

He told the Dutch. They were dumbfounded that he had not grasped his chance at once. A boat, they told him, would be left for him on the shore. He must watch his time.

Isaac and the savages were lodged together in a large building belonging to a Dutch farmer. It was about 100 feet long, without partitions of any kind. At one end were the horses, chickens and cattle; at the other slept the farmer, his wife, and children; the Indians lay on the floor in the middle.

Under cover of darkness early that night, Isaac crept out softly, picking his way among the pros-

trate figures. While he was reconnoitering, a huge watchdog came charging at him and bit him severely in the leg. The Dutchman came rushing out, followed by the Indians, to find the cause of the commotion. Leading the priest back into the barn, the farmer, with the light of a flickering candle, applied to the gaping wounds the only remedy he knew, hair from the dog that bit him. He then wrapped a rag around the bleeding wounds.

Fuming with anger, the Indians barred the door more securely. Two braves made Ondessonk, as they called Isaac, lie down between them. Still trembling from his encounter, his leg throbbing with pain, wedged between two savages, Isaac spent a sleepless night.

When the first flush of dawn was breaking through the crevices, he heard the creak of a door. Half-raising himself, he saw a servant who had come with a lantern to begin his round of chores. It was now or never.

He wriggled out from between the sleeping guards, stuffed into his blouse his two precious little books, *The Following of Christ* and his breviary, and stuck his wooden cross into his pocket. Then he tiptoed over to the door. By signs he asked the laborer to tie up the dogs. Like all the other Dutch,

the servant was eager to see Isaac escape. Quieting the dogs, he silently led the way out and showed him the path to the river.

There was the rowboat, promised by Van Corlaer. He rowed out to the vessel and clambered up the rope ladder. The captain and sailors gave him a hearty welcome. They hid him in the hold, and placed a large box over the hatchway.

When the Indians found the Blackrobe gone, they were furious. They ran screaming through the streets, sounding the alarm; they pursued their search out into the woods and into the houses of the Dutch. They accused the Dutch of conniving in the escape. They made angry threats. In vain did Van Corlaer seek to placate them; they spurned presents amounting to 300 guilders. They wanted their prize prisoner back and even threatened reprisals: they might slaughter the burghers' cattle, and worse.

Alarmed, Van Corlaer and his council decided that they could not, in such a crisis, allow Isaac to sail away. They would bring him back and keep him concealed until the danger was past. Dominie Megapolensis was commissioned to persuade him to return.

In the dark hold of the vessel, Isaac was suffering tortures from his inflamed wounds. Infection had



set in and the leg was badly swollen with gangrene. He was almost suffocating in his stuffy, stinking, underwater prison. While he could not suppress his hope for escape, he prayed "that I might not withdraw from His wishes; that He might detain me in the country of those infidels, if He did not approve my escape and flight."

Brought up when Megapolensis and the commandant of the fort came on board, he listened calmly while the dominie set forth the proposal of the Dutch. They did not intend to surrender him, he said, but to have him at hand, just in case the Indians went on a rampage and got out of hand.

The captain roundly denounced the proposal as abject cowardice and betrayal. He had sworn that once the missionary had set foot on his vessel, he would be safe. Jogues had put his life in greater danger, he pointed out, by trusting in their joint promises. To take him to shore would certainly expose him to the danger of being discovered, even if the burghers did not hand him over.

Deeply touched by the manly indignation and loyalty of the sea captain, Isaac explained that he would not think of imperiling the Dutch to save his own life. He was willing to die rather than have others suffer in property or limb. He told the captain that he gladly released him from his pledge.

Jogues was taken ashore and hid-

den in the house of a sutler. The trader was a crochety old man who was anything but eager to take in his new guest. He stowed him away in a nook in the attic.

The savages swarmed around the store and into it: he could hear their guttural voices in the courtyard. If Isaac walked about, they could hear the creaking in the store below. When the sun was shining at a particular angle, his body cast a shadow against the attic partition.

To make matters worse, the merchant would sometimes bring the savages up the ladder to the open part of the attic to examine some of his merchandise stored there: only the thin partition of the slats separated them from the refugee; he could hear their footsteps, their guttural grunts, their breathing. At times he remained crouching for hours, fearing that they would notice his shadow if he made the least movement.

The miserly merchant gave Jogues barely enough food to keep him alive; he suffered thirst.

The only person who visited him was the dominie; he did not know when the danger from the Indians would end or when Isaac could be released. On one of his visits, the dominie asked Jogues how he was being treated. He replied that he was content, that he was accustomed to suffering; but he did mention that he received very little to eat. The dominie shook his head.

"I rather suspected that," he said. "This old man is a terrible miser, and doubtless he has been keeping for himself most of the provisions sent for you."

Isaac fared better thereafter. The hot days of August dragged wearily along; still came no sign of release. August faded with agonizing slowness into September.

Cooped up in his attic cell, Isaac read his two little books and spent long periods in prayer and meditation.

Word of Isaac's captivity had reached the Queen Regent of France, Anne of Austria; she appealed to the Netherlands to take measures to secure his speedy release. Her request was transmitted by the States-General to Director-General Kieft at New Amsterdam; the latter ordered the commandant at Fort Orange to bring the Jesuit to Fort Amsterdam at the earliest possible moment.

The orders reached Rensselaerswyck about the time of the arrival of a delegation of Mohawk chiefs. Van Corlaer sought to beguile them; then he endeavored to bribe them. They remained obdurate, and he told them bluntly that he had taken Ondessonk under his protection. If they refused his gift of 300 guilders, the Dutch would refuse to trade with them. After much haggling and flowery speeches, the chiefs accepted the gifts and professed to be consoled over the loss of Ondessonk.

One night in the last week of September, Jogues was smuggled from the merchant's garret to a sloop. After six weeks of solitary confinement, Isaac drew his first free breath. He was happy.

After six days, Jogues reached Manhattan, where the governor gave him an honorable reception and seated him at the table beside the dominie. New and suitable attire replaced his ragged clothing. The presence of a priest on Manhattan island, the first to put foot there, caused a great stir among the colonists. Bearing the marks of his terrible suffering among the savages, he was regarded with awe and treated with the greatest kindness. A young man knelt at his feet and raised the mangled hands of the priest to his lips.

"Martyr of Jesus Christ!" he exclaimed, "Martyr of Christ!"

"Are you a Catholic?" asked Jogues, somewhat startled.

"No, I am a Lutheran," he replied, "but I recognize you as one who has suffered for the Master."

A small trading vessel was sailing for the Netherlands on Nov. 5, and the commander-general kindly gave the missionary free passage.

"My deepest gratitude to you, commander," said Père Jogues. "I shall always remember your kindness and that of the Dutch at Rensselaerswyck, all Protestants, in rescuing me, a Catholic missionary, from certain death at the hands of the Indians. I hope that some day

I may return and plant in their hearts Christ's Gospel of kindness, mercy, and love. Adieu, sir, and may God reward you for your kindness to me!"

The attitude of the Dutch toward the Jesuit is the more noteworthy in view of the religious strife between Protestants and Catholics in the Netherlands at that time. The hatred kindled by the Reformation was still blazing furiously.

After a voyage of two months, Jogues landed on Christmas morning, 1643, on the coast of Brittany. The story of his heroism had preceded him; he was acclaimed throughout France. The mangled condition of his hands made it impossible for him, according to the Church's canons, to celebrate Mass. But Pope Urban III dispensed him, the first privilege of its kind ever recorded.

Summoned to the royal court by the queen regent, the mother of Louis XIV, the tortured slave of the Mohawks concealed his hands in the folds of his cloak. After he told his experiences, he was compelled to show his hands. Descending from the throne, the queen took his gnarled hands in hers, and with tears streaming, devoutly kissed them.

"People write romances for us," she remarked, "but was there ever a romance like this? And it is true!"

Isaac wished to escape from the

honors and homage showered upon him. He knew how desperately the missions were undermanned, and he yearned to be back at his post of duty. To his indescribable joy, his petition was granted.

Late in June, 1644, Isaac landed at Quebec. In 1646 he was sent to negotiate peace with the Iroquois. He was well received by his former captors, and successfully concluded a treaty of peace. After returning to Quebec, he requested permission to go back to the Iroquois, not as a political envoy but as a simple missionary. Reluctantly his superiors granted his request.

On Sept. 27, he began his third and last journey to the Mohawks. In the interim, sickness had broken out in the tribe and a blight had fallen on the crops. The medicine men ascribed this double calamity to Jogues. They were determined to wreak vengeance upon him.

News of the change of heart reached Isaac; all the Hurons and others accompanying him, except Lalande, fled. Undaunted, the missionary continued his journey. "I shall go," he murmured, "but I shall not return." Near Lake George the Iroquois met him, stripped him naked, slashed him with knives, beat him, and then led him to their village for execution. On Oct. 18, 1646, his skull was split by a tomahawk, and he was then decapitated. The head was fixed on the palisades and the body thrown into the Mohawk.

BOOKS

OF CURRENT INTEREST

BY FRANCIS BEAUCHESNE THORNTON

MUTINY, edited by Edmund Fuller.
New York: Crown Publishers,
Inc. 364 pp. \$3.50.

Americans like to get away from themselves these days. Television, radio, and the ubiquitous airplane have pulled the world into a small, tight ball. Indo-China, Korea, and the far islands, once remote, have taken on the dismal characteristics of one's own back yard.

There are no lonely places, only lonely people, jostled by taxes and fears. Perhaps that is why escape books have had such a wide sale: the last exotic excursions left to mankind are travels of mind and imagination. Now, once again, there are signs that would seem to indicate a return to the joys of the written word and all it stands for either of development or escape.

For me, at any rate, Edmund Fuller's *Mutiny* made available a wide variety of escape literature on one subject. The legion of readers who enjoyed *The Caine Mutiny* will find in Fuller's book a delightful extension of character drawing and swift-paced narratives that will carry them far away from the insufferable boredom of everyday life.

The four sections into which the volume is divided cover navy, army, pirate, and slave mutinies.

From Roman times to our own the stories of clashing personalities, violence, bloodshed, and heroism are well selected. Fuller's disquisition on the nature of mutiny, at the front of the book, is an interesting commentary on the scope and purpose of his collection. It helped me to see into the human side of this series of memorable portraits. Like the comments of an excellent guide in a foreign art gallery, it made me conscious of lights and shadows I might otherwise have missed.

THE INCREDIBLE CANADIAN, Bruce Hutchison. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., Inc. \$5. 454 pp. Indexed.

Canada is something of an "unknown country," as Bruce Hutchison has said in an earlier and now famous book. To the great mass of us Americans, particularly, it is just that. We know from brief excursions a very little about Canada and its possibilities. Crowds of solemn-faced pilgrims going to the shrine of Saint Anne de Beaupre, wide-eyed tourists burning up the roads to Banff and Lake Louise, mining engineers, prospectors—each group brings back something from the land of fine, well-balanced people and magnificent vistas.

But the information brought back is much too often superficial and incorrect. Yet, as never before, if we are really interested in perpetuation of the good life and peace of the world, Americans should know their northern neighbors.

One massive glimpse of Canada is offered to us in Bruce Hutchison's latest book, *The Incredible Canadian*. Most Americans know something about Mackenzie King: that he cooperated cordially with Franklin Roosevelt, that he had a genius for politics and the longest tenure in office of any premier in the history of Canada. These are mere knife-and-fork facts which tell us nothing of the complexity of Canadian politics, nothing of the mysterious, bumbling personality who made policy and men for almost 30 years of Canada's history. Hutchison is quite right in asserting that the mystery of William Lyon Mackenzie King is the mystery not of a man but of a people.

King's guesses, mistakes, intuitions, and triumphs are the very stuff out of which the new Canadian mentality and the new Canadian man are being forged.

With a sensitive, groping marshaling of fact and history in which all the delicate checks and balances of Canadian politics are subtly dealt with, Hutchison paints his impressive portrait of the man and of his people. The story moves with the colorful sweep of a novel that asks as many questions as it answers. King's tragedies that turned into triumphs; his resurrection of the Liberal party; his mother worship; quiet ways; and, above all, his amazing intuition of all the imponderables that give Canada such enormous potency for the future—all are brought before us with the resounding punch of a good drama.

Some of the most exciting chapters are those summing up what there is to be known about the battle over conscription, which resulted in an eventual cabinet crisis.

BOOKS

SELECTIONS OF CATHOLIC CHILDREN'S BOOK CLUB

147 E. 5TH ST., ST. PAUL 1, MINN.

(Subscribers to this club may purchase at a special discount.)

Picture Book Group—6 to 9. *Eric on the Desert*, by Jerrold Beim (Morrow, \$2).

Intermediate Group—9 to 12. *The River Horse*, by Nina Frey (Wm. R. Scott, \$2.50).

Boys—12 to 16. *The Adventures of Pancho of Peru*, by Albert J. Nevins (Dodd, Mead, \$2.75).

Girls—12 to 16. *Silver Yankee*, by Lee Wyndham (Winston, \$2.50).

Knowledge Builders. *Abraham Lincoln*, by Jeanette Covert Nolan (Messner, \$2.75).

King's stubbornness, his gamble with McNaughton, and his final cutting of the Gordian knot with an order-in-council are almost as explosive as the atmosphere was in Canada during the time of crisis.

King barely weathered this political storm. His politics and methods of doing so were widely con-

demned by many intelligent critics in Parliament and out of it. The election that followed the crisis was more than a stunning victory for King and the Liberal party. It was a complete vindication of King's understanding of Canada and her people. This is an important book. Read it.



Communism for the Birds

"*A* SPARROW eats nine pounds of grain a year," the communist East German *Berliner Zeitung* wrote. "The order has been issued, therefore, to kill ten sparrows per acre."

The West German *Berliner Zeitung* answered this by urging that West Berliners "let a sparrow in when he knocks on your window. He, too, is a political refugee."

Katholiek Vizier (Nov. '52).



. . . for the Fleas

A RUSSIAN professor at the University of Moscow was explaining to his propaganda class how Marxist logic could be proved to the gullible people of the world.

"Here on my right hand," he said to his students, "I have a flea. I order him to jump over to my left hand and, you see, he listens."

"Now," he continued, "I will pull off the flea's legs and give the same order. You see, he won't jump. There you have a scientific proof that a flea without legs is deaf."

Katholiek Vizier (Dec. '52).



. . . and for the Czechs

*A*n FBI agent says that his Czech neighbor in Detroit decided to go back to his homeland several years ago, despite the fact that it had just been taken over by the communists.

He told the agent, "I'll send back a picture of myself. If I'm standing, it will mean I'm happy. If I'm sitting, it will mean I'm sorry I left America."

The agent said he received the photograph a year later. His friend was sprawled on his back on the ground.

Charles Manos in the Detroit *Free Press* (23 Mar. '53).



The Trial of Thomas More

By CHARLES A. BRADY
Condensed from "Stage of Fools"*

On July 6 it will be 418 years since England's king, Henry VIII, had Thomas More, his friend and chancellor of the realm, beheaded. The reasons: More would not recognize the king as "Supreme Head of the Church of England," and he insisted, as did the Pope, that Catherine of Aragon was Henry's wife, even after he had divorced her and married Anne Boleyn.

In 1925, 390 years after More was martyred, he became St. Thomas More. This chapter from Mr. Brady's historical novel is the story of More's trial.

THOMAS MORE, white-haired, gray-faced, and long-bearded, leaned on a staff, his eyes blinking painfully in the blinding July sunlight. But he was able to stumble through the streets, flanked by his escort of halberdiers. The silent London throngs watched, pitying, the bro-

ken progress of their old chancellor.

He was indicted under the Act of Supremacy. The indictment was of inordinate length. Standing in the well of the court, the clerk of the court, in his strongly accented Latin, had droned it out sentence after sentence, article after article.

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The prisoner never took his eyes off the clerk. It was of the utmost importance now that he see and hear what was going on. His life no longer depended on it, it was true. But what of that? His honor? He thought he was long past considerations of mere honor. But the truth! And his integrity as a Christian soul!

More had to face two charges: that he had denied the Supremacy [of the king over the Church] and that he and the executed traitor, John Fisher, had been confederates in this same treason. As he arrived in the great hall, Thomas More looked about him. Only the great lay lords sat on this bench. All were now his enemies, plighted to his death, including even Norfolk, his old friend. More would show no hostility to the 12 good men and true who were his jury. Whether they knew it or not they were the emblems of the English common law. The common law, which he had one day administered within this very Hall of Westminster, was a great good English thing.

THE DAY's proceedings were, he knew, a tragic legal farce. The 12 jurors were intended only to lend an English flavor to what was going on. But the tired man in the prisoner's dock felt confident the common law would one day resume its hard-bitten, canny, tolerant sway.

The crier called aloud the names

of the jurors, and each replied as he took his place. The Court of King's Bench rose respectfully to its feet as the judges entered in their gorgeous robes to take their places on the raised dais.

The Lord Chief Justice had not entered yet. While the court awaited his entry, restive in the summer heat, conversation became general throughout the great hall. At the entrance, two men-at-arms conversed.

"Poor Sir Thomas!" said Red Thatch, his face as stiff as if he were not exchanging a single word with his fellow. "I greatly fear me it is but short shrift for our old chancellor now."

"How so?" asked the shorter guard, never moving a muscle in his own impassive turn.

"It is a hanging court," said Red Thatch out of the corner of his mouth. "See who sits below the chief justice. His Grace of Wiltshire, Queen Anne Boleyn's father. My Lord of Rochford, Queen Anne's brother. What verdict do they want, do you think?" The same thought was just passing through Thomas More's mind as he gazed on the faces of these two of his judges. On the reckless, dissolute, dangerous face of Viscount Rochford; sportsman, poet, duelist, and no indifferent statesman. On His Grace of Wiltshire; suave, weak, irresolute, time-serving, clever; the mammon of iniquity in the robes of a judge. On Sir John Baldwin,

Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Sir Richard Lister, Chief Baron of the Exchequer. Able jurists both, but they would not count in the final verdict. They were included here to give a smack of legality to the sorry proceedings.

At last the crier announced the entry of the Lord Chief Justice. "My Lord Chief Justice, Sir John Fitz-James!"

After the Lord Chief Justice had seated himself on the top tier of the justices' dais, with Master Secretary Thomas Cromwell and the two Boleyns, father and son, immediately beneath him, Chancellor Audley, speaking for the King, arose.

He addressed himself directly to the prisoner. "Sir Thomas More, you have heard the several heads of the indictment against you. It is a dreadful charge under whose shadow you now stand. And, if you are found guilty, the penalty that awaits you, as well you know, is a traitor's death. Now we are old friends in the law, you and I. You need not fence against me; and I need not fence against you. You may, then, shorten your disagreeable task and mine by pleading guilty. Or, if you will only choose to put aside your stubborn malignity for but a moment, there is still a last chance of pardon."

My Lord Audley cleared his throat and, raising his handsome head, looked round the great hall before he resumed.



"Sir Thomas," he said impressively, "you have heinously offended against the King's majesty. Nevertheless, such is his great bounty, benignity, and clemency, we are here in very good hope that, if you will but revoke and reform your willful, obstinate opinion that you have so wrongfully maintained, and so long dwelt in, you may yet taste of his gracious pardon. And perhaps—who knows?—of his gracious favor once again."

THOMAS MORE had risen unsteadily to his feet. One might see, for the first time, how pale his face was; and how straggly the great beard he had grown in prison. He leaned upon his staff. But that slight support was not enough. He stumbled, at intervals, and caught himself against the edge of the dock. He looked at the justices.

"My Lords," said Thomas More, faltering at first, but his voice gradually recapturing its old Parliamentary resonance, "I do most humbly thank your Honors for your great good will toward me. But I must once again refuse your gracious offer so often and so kindly proffered me.

"I make this my boon and petition unto God as heartily as I may, that He will vouchsafe to nourish, maintain, and uphold in me, even to the last hour and extreme moment that ever I shall live, this my present good, honest, and upright mind, and fixed intention to persist on the road I am going.

"Concerning now the matters you charge and challenge me withal, the articles are so prolix and long and many that I fear, what for my long imprisonment, what for my long lingering illness, what for my present weakness and debility, that neither my wit, nor my memory, nor yet my voice will serve to make so full, so effectual, and sufficient answer as the weight and importance of these great matters crave."

The great hall whirled round him suddenly, and the floor came up to meet him. He staggered and almost fell. My Lord Audley, a look of pity on his classic features, nodded to a sergeant, who brought forward a chair. The prisoner sat down.

"Thank you, my Lords," said Thomas More, breathing deeply

till the awful nausea retreated again. "Perhaps I may repay favor for favor, mercy for mercy, by making my defense as short as is consonant with clarity and truth, and with the great respect in which I hold my Lord the King.

"First, as to the charge of my having maliciously and traitorously deprived the King of the title of Supreme Head of the Church in England, let me say in answer that treason lies in word and deed, not in silence. For this, my silence, then, neither your law, nor any law in the world is able justly and rightly to punish me."

"Not so, Sir Thomas," remonstrated my Lord Audley, quickly getting to his feet again. "Not so. This very silence of yours is a sure token and demonstration of a nature maligning against the statute. Yea, there is no true and faithful subject that, being demanded his opinion, touching the said statute, is not deeply and utterly bound, without any dissimulation whatsoever, to confess the statute to be good, just, and lawful."

THE AMENITIES were done with, then, and the issue joined. My Lord Audley was a good lawyer, none better when it came to knowing every nook and cranny and fissure of the law. But, squaring off now, More knew he could match him precedent for precedent, word for word, urbanity for urbanity.

"May I remind my Lord Chan-

cellor Audley," he requested with the utmost civility, "that, when we two went to school together, there was a legal maxim we both learned by heart: silence gives consent? Silence, then, should be construed rather as ratification than rejection.

"But, my Lords, there is here a far deeper issue at stake than merely this. You must understand that, in things touching conscience, every good and true subject is more bound to have respect to his said conscience and to his soul than to any other thing in the world beside.

"A subject must be a loyal King's man, it is true. Says not Paul that we should obey God, honor the King, and love the brotherhood? But, from the beginning to this very moment, have I been ever a loyal King's man. Never have I given any occasion of slander, of tumult and sedition, against my Prince. I assure you, my Lords, that I have not hitherto to this hour disclosed and opened my conscience and mind to any person living in all the world on this matter of which we now speak."

A violent spell of coughing took him by the throat. My Lord Audley made a gesture that the sergeant fetch More a glass of water.

"Again, my Lords, I thank you," said Thomas More, after the fit was spent. "As for articles 2 and 3 of the indictment, those touching on my letters written in the Tower to my Lord of Rochester before his death, let me say at once that never

did I encourage him against the statute, nor he me.

"Bishop Fisher burned my letters, and I his. But I remember their contents sufficiently well, so recently was it we exchanged good wishes. In one of them there was nothing in the world contained but certain familiar talk and recommendations, such as was seemly to our long and old acquaintance.

"In the other was contained my answer to my Lord of Rochester when he demanded of me what thing I answered at my first examination in the Tower upon the said statute. To this request of his I answered nothing but that I had informed and settled my conscience, and that he should inform and settle his. And other answer than this, upon the charge of my soul, made I none. These, as I have given them, are the tenors of my letters, upon which you can take no hold or handfast by your law to condemn me to death."

MY Lord Audley turned to the crier. "Summon Baron Rich," he said.

"Summon Baron Rich!" called out the crier. Then, as Rich entered the courtroom, "Baron Rich!"

"Baron Rich," said my Lord Audley, "on your oath as a Christian Knight, tell us what words, touching on the Oath of Supremacy, the accused did utter in your presence on the 12th of June last in the Tower."

Rich gave More a sidelong glance before he replied to my Lord Audley's instruction.

"My Lords," he said unctuously, "on my sworn oath as a Christian Knight and good servant of King Henry, I tell you that the accused, in my hearing, said the Parliament could not make the King Head of the Church."

My Lord Audley looked over toward the prisoner. "What do you say to Master Rich's testimony, Sir Thomas?" he asked him courteously.

The Utopian awoke in Thomas More. Baron Rich's manor was the Priory of Lighes, part of Master Secretary Cromwell's portion of the sack of the monastery lands of England.

"My Lords," he said, and More's gray eyes sparkled, "not to my edification, I must admit, I have known Baron Rich for many years—even long before the King bestowed upon him the Priory of Lighes. But I tell you, my Lords, what you already know, that long

before he became Lord of Lighes, this man was a great liar."

Sir John Baldwin and Sir Richard Lister smiled openly at the sally. There was loud laughter in the back of the court. Even my Lord Audley was hard put to keep a straight face. But Master Secretary Cromwell looked up angrily.

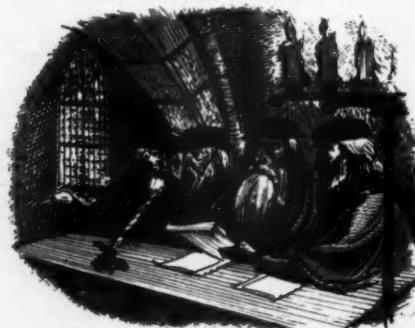
"Master Sergeant," he said with an ugly snarl, "call the court to order."

The sergeant thumped with his heavy halberd. "My Lords and gentlemen," he cried, "the court will come to order!"

"If, my Lords," said Thomas More, when the laughter had died down, "if I were a man that did not regard an oath, then I needed not, as you well know, in this place, in this case, at this time, to stand here as an accused person. And if this oath of yours be true, Master Rich, then I pray I may never see God in the face—a thing, were the truth otherwise than it is, I would not say to win the whole world."

Now Thomas More looked straight into the eyes of Baron Rich of the Priory of Lighes. There was no loathing in his own eyes, nor any compassion either; only judgment. As the court watched the two of them confront each other, the court knew which man told the truth and which lied.

"As for you, Master Rich," said More, "in good faith, I am sorrier for your perjury than for my own



peril. But I wish now the court to understand that neither I, nor any man else to my knowledge, ever took you to be a man of such credit as, in any matter of importance, I or any other, would at any time consent to communicate with you. And I have known you from your youth onward, for we long dwelt together in one parish.

"I am sorry I am now compelled to testify you were esteemed then very light of your tongue, a great dicer, and of no commendable fame or report. In your house at the Temple, also, were you likewise thus accounted. I am sorry, Master Rich, to have to disclose such things. But you drive me to it in my own defense."

More paused like the trained debater he was. He looked at the bench of justices.

"Can it therefore seem likely to your honorable Lordships," he asked, "that I would, in so weighty a cause, so unadvisedly overshoot myself as to trust this Master Rich so far above my sovereign Lord the King, or any of his noble Counsellors, that I would utter unto him, and unto him alone, the secrets of my conscience touching the King's Supremacy, the special point and only mark so long sought for at my hands? To this Master Rich, of all men under the sun, when I never would reveal it to the King's Highness himself or to any of his trusted Counsellors, as is not unknown, my Lords, to some of my

Judges sitting before me, they who, on several occasions, were sent from His Grace's own person unto me in the Tower for this very purpose?"

THE utter silence in the Court of the King's Bench was answer enough. Master Secretary Cromwell looked uneasily up at the Lord Chief Justice.

"My Lord Chief Justice," he said, "the man maunders. Have we heard sufficient?"

Even for one of Master Cromwell's drumhead trials the cynicism implicit in that bald query was breathtaking. My Lord Fitz-James, however, was both well trained and docile. He did not kick under the goad.

"We have heard enough," he said solemnly. "I charge the jury to reach a verdict."

While the jury conferred together, Thomas More sat apart, his head bowed, motionless. Conversation became general again in the court. The men-at-arms resumed their cautious colloquy.

"Our old chancellor has defended himself bravely," said the shorter guard.

Red Thatch nodded sagely. "Aye," he agreed, "but—" And he nodded to where the two Boleyns lounged back upon the justices' bench. "The wolves gather and—" this time he gestured to where the jury had their heads together, "the sheep scatter."

It took the jury but a quarter of an hour by the glass to reach its decision. After this bare formal show of conference the foreman, Thomas Palmer, Knight, rose to announce the verdict.

"My Lords and Justices," he said, stammering a little over the eminence temporarily thrust upon him, "we find the defendant, Thomas More, Knight, guilty of treason and misprision of treason against our high and puissant Lord and Majesty the King."

"In that case, gentlemen," said my Lord Audley, eager to get the bad business over with, "it is my duty to pronounce sentence."

BUT my Lord Audley had reckoned without Sir Thomas More, Knight of Chelsea, and once Lord High Chancellor of the realm of England. The prisoner rose resolutely to his feet, interrupting the speaker. His composure of mien and resonance of voice were very marked now. But a short space ago, in the Tower, Master Secretary Cromwell had taunted him with cowardice for not speaking out. He would not be able to taunt him now.

What he was going to say might make all the difference with Henry between a merciful beheading on Tower hill and the barbarities of Tyburn gallows. He could not help it. The time had come; the time when he had naught to gain but Paradise, and naught to lose but

his immortal soul. It was the very end. He would speak out at last. Henry had not kept faith. He would speak out.

"My Lord Chancellor Audley," he said, and his voice rang out over the hushed Court of King's Bench. "In the days when I was toward the law, the custom, in such a case as I am in now, was to ask the prisoner before judgment what he could say to show why judgment should not be given against him." He paused, looking expectantly over toward my Lord Audley. The chancellor bowed.

"You are in the right, Sir Thomas," he said in reply. "You show yourself a good lawyer to the end. Go on, say why judgment should not be rendered against you."

"My Lord Chief Justice," choked Cromwell, struggling to his feet. "I protest against this shocking irregularity! Silence the prisoner while judgment is pronounced!"

Sir John Fitz-James was no hero. He owed his office and his continuance in office to the sufferance of Master Cromwell; and Master Cromwell was a man who expected prompt payment on any note of hand.

Nevertheless, "It is the prisoner's right," he said coldly, "if he so chooses to exercise it."

Cromwell was in a fury now. "It may be the prisoner's right," he said viciously, "but I do not think he would be wise to exercise it."

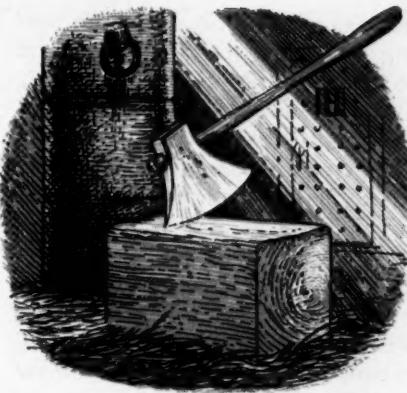
Thomas More knew what he

meant; and so did every other person in the Court of King's Bench. Master Cromwell was holding out to him, as the price of present silence, the bribe of being beheaded on Tower hill; and, as the penalty for speech, the threat of being hanged, drawn and quartered at Tyburn gallows.

"I said to Master Cromwell once, and he well knows what I mean," said Thomas More contemptuously, "that these are terrors for children, not me. But, my Lords, we waste your time, Master Cromwell and I, with this fruitless bickering. And, since my Lord Chief Justice has ruled in my favor, I promise you I shall be brief." He drew a deep breath, and turned to the justices' bench. The die was cast, and he was glad.

"**M**Y LORDS," he said, without preamble. "You sat in Parliament, many of you, when I first became your Speaker. I was your common mouth before His Majesty. I was also His Grace's man before you, his Commons.

"Only once did I speak as I really wished to speak, for you and for myself. And then I begged our Sovereign Lord the King, His Grace of England, for freedom of utterance for his Parliament; for every man to have the right to discharge his conscience in debate without fear of His Grace's dreadful displeasure; for every man to have the right to speak unafraid



here in this fair City of Man, our sweet Kingdom, this goodly realm of England.

"For, as the Greek youth, Hae-mon, in a play I and King Henry once loved together, said to the tyrant Creon, 'That is no City which belongs to one man.'

"Now, my Lords, the time has come for me to speak out again. I had pledged myself to King Henry not to broach my mind to anyone on this matter. But I think my present condemnation relieves me of that pledge. The laws are silent in the face of Mars. But I do not think they should be silent in the jaws of death.

"As the golden bowl breaks and the silver cord is loosed, so should be loosed the tongue of him who is to die. For you and for myself, then—aye, and for King Henry, too—and for the last time. And not now for our fair City of Man alone, which is England, but for that fairer City of God of which we are

all also citizens. So, Lordings, seeing that I see you are determined to condemn me—God knows how; I know why—I will now, as I did then many years agone, in discharge of my conscience, speak my mind plainly and freely touching my indictment and your statute."

The great Hall of Westminster was as silent now as any tomb.

"My Lords," said Thomas More, looking into their faces, "this indictment is grounded upon an Act of Parliament directly repugnant to the laws of God and of His holy Church, the supreme government of which, or of any part whereof, no temporal Prince may presume by any law to take upon him. For it rightfully belongs only to the See of Rome, in whose regard the mouth of our Saviour Himself, personally present upon earth, by special prerogative, granted spiritual pre-eminence only to St. Peter and his successors, Bishops of that same See of Rome. It is, therefore, insufficient in law, amongst Christian men, to charge any Christian man with what I have been charged.

"Remember, my Lords Justices, in the City of God this pleasant realm of England is but a member and small part of the Church. It may not make a particular law disagreeable to the general law of Christ's universal Catholic Church, any more than this dear City of London of ours, as but one poor member of a whole realm, may make a law, against an Act of Par-

liament, to bind the whole realm.

"Magna Charta yet stands as the statute of our land wrested by our fathers from a despot at Runnymede. Do you know what our Great Charter says about the King and the Church? That the King may not touch the Church. That the Church in England shall be free, and shall maintain all its laws unimpaired, and its liberties unhurt."

THOMAS MORE turned away from the Bench of Justices and toward those benches in the body of the Hall where the great Lords not sitting in judgment listened to his statement. More fixed his eye, and spoke again.

"My Lord of Canterbury," he said, speaking to Cranmer, "you, of all those who hear me now, should surely remember whose bones used to lie under the high altar of Canterbury, and why the holy, blissful martyr, à Becket, died."

Cranmer bowed, gravely and uncomfortably. Again no one moved in the great hall. More resumed.

"The Act of Supremacy, my Lords, is also contrary to that sacred Oath which the King's Highness himself, and every other Christian Prince, always, with great solemnity, take at their Coronations. No more may this realm of England refuse obedience to his natural father. For, as St. Paul said to the Corinthians: 'I have regenerated you, my children in Christ.'

"So might St. Gregory, Pope of Rome, through whose missionary agency, by St. Augustine, his messenger, we English first received the Christian faith, truly say of us Englishmen: 'You are my children, because I have, under Christ, given to you everlasting salvation—a far higher and better inheritance than any fleshly father can leave his child—and by regeneration have made you spiritual children in Christ.'

And St. Gregory grew merry once over us English whom he loved so well. "*Non Angli, sed Angeli*," he said in loving jest. Not Englishmen, but angels, the great Pope called us. I tell you, Lordings all, this Act of Supremacy can turn Gregory's beloved angels into devils."

My Lord Chancellor Audley saw his chance to interpose now, and took it.

"Before God, Sir Thomas," he said, raising his voice, "we have had enough and more than enough now of your prating presumption! Do you think yourself wiser and better than all the Episcopate and Nobility of this kingdom? Yes, and Parliament, too? Seeing that all the Bishops, the Universities, the Lords, and the best learned men of the realm have assented to this Act, I much marvel that you alone against them will hold out, will so stiffly stick to swear, and now so vehemently argue there against."

"My Lord Chancellor," said

Thomas More, "you raise again our old topic of debate: why I stick to swear. It is long too late to go over that ground again. But I do not make so great a virtue of mere number as you.

"Still, if the number of Bishops and Universities be so material as your Lordship seems to take it, then I see little cause, my Lord, why that same thing should make any change in my conscience. For I nothing doubt but that, though not perhaps in this realm, yet in Christendom about, they be not the fewer part that are of my mind therein of these well-learned Bishops and virtuous men that are yet alive.

"But if I should speak of those that are already dead, of whom many are now holy saints in Heaven, I am very sure it is the far, far greater part of them, that, all the while they lived, thought in this case that way that I think now. A cloud of witnesses to my cause looks down upon me as I speak.

"**A**ND, therefore, am I not bound, my Lord, to conform my conscience to the Council of one realm against the general Council of Christendom? My Lord, for one Bishop of your opinion I have a hundred Bishops and saints of mine. And for one Parliament or Council of yours—and God knows of what kind!—I have all the General Councils for a thousand years. And for one Kingdom I have

France and all the Kingdoms of Christendom."

Master Secretary Cromwell had sat hunched down on his bench for long enough.

"Master More," he interrupted harshly, "we have heard enough. We now plainly perceive that you are maliciously bent."

"No, Master Secretary," he said, "not malice, but pure necessity, for the discharge of my conscience, enforces me to speak thus much. I did not wish it so—and well you know it, you of all people in this court. I did not wish it so, but you and the King compel me.

"I call and appeal to God, whose sight alone pierces into the very depth of man's heart, to be my witness to this truth. But never think you delude me, Master Secretary, nor you, my Lords of Rochford and Wiltshire, who sit high among my Judges. It is not so much for this matter of the Supremacy you seek my blood, as for that I would not condescend to the marriage between the Lady Anne and my King."

Truth of this towering stature had the power to move the marble composure even of my Lord Chancellor Audley. Shaken, he turned to my Lord Fitz-James.

"My Lord Chief Justice," he said, white-faced, "you have now heard out Master More on the heads of this indictment. Do you rule for us on its legality. Is it sufficient?"

If the Golgotha of Tower hill lay

ahead for Thomas More, at least the Tower's Gethsemane was now behind him. And, in that stone Gethsemane, he had been spared the crown of thorns and the flogging block. But he was not to be spared another of the Passion's immemorial gestures. My Lord Chief Justice may or may not have sold his soul to Cromwell. Now, his short revolt at an end, he would try to wash his hands.

"My Lords," he said, "it hinges on the Act of Parliament. If the Act of Parliament is not unlawful, as we know it is not, then, by St. Julian, the indictment is not, in my conscience, insufficient."

"Lo, my Lords, lo!" called out my Lord Audley quickly. "You hear what my Lord Chief Justice has ruled. And you have heard Sir Thomas say his say as well. Therefore, Sir Thomas More, I now adjudge you felon and traitor to our puissant Majesty Henry, and do hereby declare your life forfeit to the Crown, said forfeit to be paid in full by you on the sixth day of this month, in the morning by ten of the clock."

A tumult arose in the court. For the first time my Lord of Norfolk got to his feet. Wishing to end his old friend's ordeal, and proffer him the gall-soaked sponge of this world's mercy, he spoke directly to Thomas More.

"Sir Thomas," he said, "you have heard the sentence of the court. If

you have anything further to say in farewell, we grant you the favor of that audience."

Coming as it did from that stiff soldier, Norfolk, it was a *beau geste* indeed. Thomas More understood and was grateful.

"My thanks, my Lord of Norfolk," he said while the din quieted. "But, my Lord, I have no more to say but this: Farewell. We part as friends, I hope—and you, too, Lordings all. Do we not read, in the Acts of the Apostles, that the Blessed Apostle, St. Paul, was present at the stoning, and consented to the death of St. Stephen, and, indeed, tended the clothes of those who stoned him to death? Yet are they now, both twain, holy saints in Heaven, and shall continue there friends forever.

"I, it is true, am no Stephen, and

you, I believe, no Paul. Yet I verily trust, and shall therefore right heartily pray, that, though your lordships have now here on earth been judges to my condemnation, we may yet hereafter in Heaven merrily all meet together, to our everlasting salvation, there to be merry forever and ever. Do you pray for me in this world, and I shall pray for you elsewhere."

"And I bid you carry one last message from me to His Grace. Tell him I remain his beadsman still. That I pray God to give him good counsel. That I die the King's good servant, but God's first."

The men-at-arms presented pikes. The escort of halberdiers regrouped itself. And Thomas More walked out of Westminster hall for the last time, the head of the ax turned toward him.



The Cover Painting

THE Quichuan Indians were converted from paganism by the early Spanish missionaries. Their descendants, the Collas, have preserved the faith and deep piety towards the Blessed Virgin. They live in the Altiplano between Argentina and Bolivia, 9,000 to 12,000 feet above sea level. The Indian at the left in the painting wears many skirts and a shawl called a *llicla*. The one in the right foreground is playing a primitive flute called a *quena*. He wears a cap which has earlaps knitted from the wool of the guanaco sheep. He calls has cap a *chuclo*. In the biting wind of the snow-decked Andes, he needs it as do the men in the background, who are wearing heavy *ponchos*. The statue of the Blessed Virgin, wreathed in flowers, is being carried in procession.

The painting was done in tempera for *Lo Mejor del Catholic Digest* by the famed Argentine painter José Bonomi. For many years he did illustrations for the Sunday edition of *La Prensa* of Buenos Aires.

Requiem for the Living

*The Cossacks fought and prayed in song
as the Russians came to take them away*

Condensed from *The Georgetown College Journal**

AT THE END of the 2nd World War, Russians who had fought with the Germans, their supposed "liberators," had all been captured. Those previously taken by the Russians were already dead. Now, according to the terms of the Yalta agreement, those who had been captured by the Allies were being handed over.

Soviet trucks, closely surrounded by small tanks and motorcycles, waited near the big camp. About 80 prisoners, mostly Cossacks, were standing in the middle of the square, surrounded by English soldiers. On all sides, the steel of guns sparkled threateningly. The faces of the English, some covered with blood, were stern. They had just had a fight with the revolting Cossacks, who had soon understood that their announced departure to

Scotland, where they had been promised work, was a trick. The resistance, however, had already been overcome.

On the left flank of the group could be seen the tarpaulin which covered corpses of suicides. Moans and gurgling sounds were heard from stretchers lined up near by. These were the wounded and dead who had resisted forced repatriation or had preferred cutting their own throats to returning to the Soviet "paradise."

The English had nevertheless held firm to their word to give up all those who at the beginning of the war had not wanted to fight for Stalin, and had surrendered. An order is an order.

A group of about 2,000 Russian displaced persons silently surrounded the tragic group. The men were trying not



*Washington, D. C. Winter, 1953. Originally published in a Russian displaced-persons newspaper dated Sept. 7, 1948.

to meet the eyes of their compatriots. Tears were running down the faces of the women and children. They were motionless. The prisoners' hands were chained. Some of the wounded were helplessly leaning on the shoulders of their comrades.

Before the men were loaded on the trucks, lists were checked once more. A fat, pleased Soviet colonel started to call out the names. No one answered. The people only dully watched his movements. Losing patience, he began counting the people, alive, wounded or dead.

When this was done, the English soldiers began to move toward the barbed-wire gates. Suddenly a Cossack stepped out, his black beard thickly covered with blood. The English guards pointed their bayonets at him, but he ignored them. "Brothers," he cried, turning towards his comrades. His voice was loud and distinct. Thousands of eyes turned in his direction. "Brothers, before we die, let us have the last Requiem for our souls. We have to die anyway."

"What did he say?" asked the chief of the camp, a clean-cut English major. The interpreter, a sergeant with a pale face, explained in a choked voice, "They want to have a service, the Requiem, before their death."

"A Requiem," asked the major, "for whom?"

"For themselves," answered the sergeant, turning his face away

Here we offer a translation of an eyewitness account of a political atrocity. The question of forced repatriation of prisoners is still pertinent.

—Laszlo Hadik in the *Georgetown College Journal*.

from his chief. The major frowned, but gave a signal to the soldiers not to touch the Cossack.

With great difficulty, the Cossack made the Sign of the Cross with his chained hands. The rows of people were in complete silence. The Soviet colonel wanted to say something to the major, but the latter, without taking his eyes from the Cossack with the bloody beard, scornfully waved him aside.

The Cossack straightened himself out and, with new strength in his voice, suddenly said, "Blessed be our God, now and forever, Amen." The whole crowd answered in chorus, "God save our souls."

The Cossack did not remember the hymns of the Requiem; maybe he was too upset to remember the words of deep meaning, the farewell of the living to the dead. He recited the Lord's Prayer. Then he raised his disheveled, bloody head, and proclaimed with the indescribable strength of sorrow, "Send us, God, eternal rest in the blessed death." For a moment he stammered. Then glancing again at the pale faces of the condemned, he uttered, "Only Thou, God, knowest our names."

All the "traitors" to their "mother country" and the 2,000 people surrounding them fell to their knees, as if at a command. Only the English guards, who hesitatingly lowered their bayonets, and a group of officers remained standing among the kneeling crowd. From the openings of the Soviet tanks rose the heads of the more curious Soviet soldiers.

The sounds of the last song of the Russian Requiem were dying away. "May the saints give you peace, oh God." The melody of the hymn rang out powerfully and strongly. Thousands of faces were raised up to the blue Italian sky. Suddenly the tarpaulin on one of the stretchers moved, and a face, distorted by agony and death, appeared. Something like a smile passed over the face of the dying man.

The English major once again questioned the interpreter and, with a quick movement, took off his cap. A few of the guards suddenly saluted the kneeling crowd. The solemn prayer over, everyone got up and made the Sign of the Cross.

The bleeding Cossack proudly raised his head and shouted at the Soviet colonel. "Now begin your

Cain's deed. Take us." Raising his voice, he shouted to the crowd: "Good-by, brothers. Don't hold anything against us; continue praying for our souls; Russian truth cannot be drowned in blood."

Again everybody took off his cap as in a funeral procession, and again the English major turned to the interpreter. Having heard the answer, he muttered, "Damn the dirty politics."

The smiling colonel stretched out his hand to say good-by to the major, but the Englishman pretended not to notice it. His face was serious and grim, his pipe crushed between his teeth.

The people condemned to death were silently taking their places in the trucks, surrounded by Red soldiers. The Soviet guards, who understood the meaning of the scene, tried not to look at the people. Oppressing silence reigned in the camp. The English soldiers stood with bent heads.

The neighboring Polish DP camp raised the mourning flag over its gates. The motors roared and in a few minutes the road was deserted. The last melody of *Eternal Glory* was still sounding in the air, and in deep silence, the people dispersed.

ALL the water in the ocean cannot sink a ship unless the water starts getting inside. All the troubles in the world can't sink a human being unless those troubles invade his inner life.

Prairie Farmer

Spanish Edition Welcomed in Latin America

LAST OCTOBER, the editors of the CATHOLIC DIGEST pioneered the first national American Catholic magazine in Spanish in 20 Latin-American countries south of the border. Called LO MEJOR del Catholic Digest, it has proved to be a fitting companion to our domestic edition.

Its acceptance and welcome among the people, the clergy, and the magazine distributors of these neighborly countries has been beyond our fondest expectations. The first edition was a complete sellout, and subsequent editions, distributed in larger quantities to meet the rising demand, have been equally successful. Almost everywhere LO MEJOR is being accepted as filling a long-felt desire for a well-edited, attractively created, and scholarly written Catholic magazine in Spanish.

Our initial announcement of this edition, made in our domestic issue last August, has brought us many hundreds of subscriptions from Spanish-reading friends in the United States. While many entered subscriptions in their own names, considerably more saw fit to donate subscriptions to friends, relatives, schools, libraries, and the clergy throughout Latin America.

Now that LO MEJOR is firmly established, we are once again offering subscriptions to our friends in the United States. To Spanish-reading people in our own country, each issue will come as a refreshing reading treat. To native Latin Americans, especially to priests in parish work, a subscription is a gift of distinct significance.



A one-year subscription to LO MEJOR costs only \$3.00 for 12 issues delivered, at no extra charge, anywhere in the States or to any Latin-American country. Just forward your instructions at once to CATHOLIC DIGEST, Dept. D, St. Paul, Minn. Please furnish complete names and addresses and enclose \$3.00 for each. Perhaps you have no one in mind, but would like to donate a gift subscription to someone in Latin America. We'll be glad to provide the person and announce the gift in your name.

HIGHLY ENDORSED BY HIERARCHY

Prelates in practically every country in Latin America have profound praise for LO MEJOR. Just a few are: Luis M. Martinez, Archbishop of Mexico; Crisanto Luque, Archbishop of Colombia (now Cardinal); Juan Guadalberto, Cardenal Guevara, Archbishop of Lima, Primate of Peru; Carlos Maria De La Torre, Archbishop of Quito, Ecuador (now a Cardinal); Alfredo Silva Santiago, Archbishop of Concepcion, Chile; Emilio Sosagaona, Bishop of Concepcion, Paraguay; Crispulo Benitez Fonturvel, Bishop of Barquisimeto, Venezuela.



In sending you the enclosed subscription, it occurred to me it is about time I said something about your publication.

This week I'll be 50 years old. I have been in advertising for 30 of those years (24 of them with the same corporation). My work demands that I read dozens of publications a week. Some I get in the office, some I have sent to my home.

It is a shame I can't stay awake all night to give them the attention they seem to demand. But nothing (I make sure) interferes with my reading THE CATHOLIC DIGEST from cover to cover every month. I wouldn't miss that any more than I'd miss the noonday Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral 12 blocks from my office.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST is a good name. It is also a good magazine, and it does its job as efficiently as a cream separator in skimming the cream of hundreds of articles from publications I'd never be able to read even if I did stay up all night.

In all these years I've been in sales promotion work this is the first time I have ever written an unsolicited letter of appreciation for any publication.

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